

*Reedy's*  
**MIRROR**

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Our Part in Europe's Chaos

Newberry's Start for Prison

The Soldier and His Bonus

Garrulities of Admiral Sims

By the Editor

Woodrow Wilson: An Analytical Study

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

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## New Books Received

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MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS by Champ Clark. New York: Harper & Bro., \$6.00.

These two volumes, well-printed, are adequately described as to contents in the title. The writer is the distinguished Missourian who has been speaker of the House of Representatives and is now the leader of the Democratic party in that body. The book is written in an easy, almost colloquial style and is well seasoned with anecdotes of men, great and small, with whom the author has come in contact during his long career in public life. He casts many interesting lights upon important events with which he was intimately related and he does it all in a spirit of great good humor. Some of the descriptive passages concerning events in Congress and elsewhere, in which Mr. Clark was participant, are good examples of breezy style.

THE HAUNTED HOUR compiled by Margaret Widdemer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe, \$

An anthology of poems relating to the return of spirits to earth, ranging from the exquisite lyrics of Katherine Tynan to the uproarious burlesques of the "Ingoldsby Legends" and Tom Hood. It is the first anthology of its kind in the world and will undoubtedly make strong appeal in these days of intense interest in spirit manifestations. The compiler herself is a poet of distinction.

RUSSIAN PEOPLE by Princess Cantacuzene. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, \$3.

The author of this book is the granddaughter of General U. S. Grant, twice President of the United States. She has lived in Russia for twenty years and writes of an intimate knowledge. She writes from the point of view of people of the class that was most comfortable before the revolution, but for all that her book is not innocent of some little understanding of the proletariat.

THE LURE OF THE PEN by Flora Klickmann. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.50.

The sub-title of this volume is "A Book for Would-Be Authors." It is written in a way to give to amateurs valuable points on the preparation of manuscripts and how to make them disposable to editors and publishers. There is no cant in the book. It is written in a lively style and there are passages of much humor. Anyone who wants to write can learn as much to that end from this as from any other book of its kind ever written.

THE ANCHOR by Michael Sadler. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co., \$1.75.

The adventures of a young man in love, and the discovery of himself. He is looking for an "anchor" as he drifts through life, and of course he finds one. The influence of his friend Dermot Gill, an engaging Irish radical, is most delightfully described. The book has sparkle of conversation and epigram mingled with excellent characterization.

MY NEIGHBORS by Caradoc Evans. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

This is a book of sketches of the people of Wales. It has all the charm of things from unknown lands. The author is a ruthless realist. His studies are not built to please. They bear the stamp of truth, even though they are often of evident satiric purpose. A former book by Mr. Evans entitled "My People" created a big literary sensation some years ago.

THE GIRL FROM FOUR CORNERS by Rebecca N. Porter. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.75.

A California romance. The story of a girl born in coarse surroundings but developing through varied adventures into a fine strong woman. Her experiences in gay San Francisco are most entertainingly told. A very human tale.

MOUNT MUSIC by C. G. Somerville and Martin Ross. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., \$2.

A novel of English life, rather painstakingly developed and of an evident social purpose. Some of the scenes are laid in Ireland and the depiction of these give free play to the humor of the authors.

TALES OF MY NATIVE TOWN by Gabriele D'Annunzio. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.,

If anything were needed to add to the interest of this book it was supplied in an introduction by Joseph Hergesheimer, by many believed to be our leading contemporary American novelist. Mr. Hergesheimer pays high tribute to the art of D'Annunzio. There are twelve stories in the book, some of them perhaps familiar to amateurs of fine specimens of this art. Altogether, they seem to fit in perfectly with the impression we have of the author from reading about his great "gesture" at Fiume. The translation is by Professor Rafael Mantellini.

THE SINGING CARAVAN by Robert Vansittart. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co.,

A Sufi tale. A fantasy permeated with Persian mysticism. It will appeal to those who remember their Omar. There is much effective description of the Orient.

THE CHORUS GIRL AND OTHER STORIES by Anton Chekhov. New York: The Macmillan Co., \$2.

These stories are among the best examples of the work of this Russian combination of realist, mysticist and humorist. He is the best short story writer of all the Russians, and while he is an artist, he never allows his artistry to get the better of his love for humanity.

FIGHTING WITHOUT A WAR by Ralph Albritton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

A vivid first-hand account of the allied expedition at the Archangel front, written by the Y. M. C. A. secretary who was with the expedition. There are but one hundred and thirty pages but they constitute about the only record of this adventure that has appeared in print thus far.

HUMAN PERSONALITY AND ITS SURVIVAL OF BOOFLY DEATH by Frederick W. H. Myers. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., \$2.50.

A condensation of a book published originally sixteen years ago, in two volumes, at two guineas. The author is the ablest man who ever devoted his attention intensively to the subject of communication between the living and the dead. He was a fine poet and a philosophic investigator. There is a good biographical sketch of him, born in 1843; died January, 1901. In the present rage of interest in spiritualism this book should be much in demand. It is almost encyclopedic in its interest. Especially attractive are the "cases" which seem to prove the communications in which the author believes.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF PANAMA by Philippe Bunau-Varilla. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This is the story of the canal and its relation to the world war. The author is the man who made the revolution which created the State of Panama and enabled Roosevelt to take over the Canal zone. He was the engineer of the old French Canal Company. Here is the story of how he saved the Canal for the world, also much about German intrigues and plots in connection with the canal. A chapter of most exciting history.

SIX THEOSOPHIC POINTS by Jacob Boehme. New York: Alfred A. Knopf & Co.

A translation of the title piece and other works of the celebrated mystic, born at Alsteddenberg in 1575. He called the treatise, written in 1620, "an open gate of all the secrets of life wherein the causes of all beings become known. He was a great personality even if he be difficult to understand by any save those who are in rapport with his ideas. The translation is by John Rolleston Earle, M. A.

THE WRECKERS by Francis Lynde. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, \$1.75.

A novel dealing with the efforts of a general manager to run his railroad "on the square" against the manipulations of crooked politicians. Incidental to the politico-financial features of the tale, there are gun-fighting and other romantic occurrences, vividly related by the boy stenographer to the hero of the tale.

THE ANTICHRIST by F. W. Nietzsche. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$

The translation of this philosophic classic is by H. L. Mencken. All the other Nietzsche books lead up to this one in which the philosopher formulates his chief conclusion. It is declared to be "the most devastating criticism of revealed religion ever written." Mr. Mencken supplies an introduction, written not alone in the Nietzschean spirit but somewhat in the Nietzschean manner. The book has been difficult to procure up to this time in English. It is one of Knopf's "Free Lance Books."

SOCIALISM IN THOUGHT AND ACTION by Harry W. Laidler. New York: The Macmillan Co., \$2.50.

This is a rather elaborate hand-book the substance of which the title indicates. The author is Secretary of the Inter-Collegiate Socialist Society. There is an extensive index and likewise a good bibliography. The chapter headings are very closely worked out as guides to the subject matter under each.

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Lady Duff Gordon was talking about the 1919 ball gown. "The V in the back," she said, "is actually open now clear down to the waist. It is a shocking gown, as shocking as little Winnie's text. Winnie's papa said to her one Sunday at luncheon: 'Winnie, dear, what was the parson's text this morning?' 'Oh, papa,' said Winnie, with a shocked look, 'it was 'Abdomen, Abdomen, my son Abdomen.''"



# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXIX. No. 13

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1920

PRICE TEN CENTS

## REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," REEDY'S MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to REEDY'S MIRROR, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$4.00 per year; \$2.25 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$4.50 per year; \$2.75 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$5.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis.

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**WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor**

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## Qualis Artifex!

By William Marion Reedy

EUROPE, says Premier Nitti, is on the verge of famine. Chaos is come again in Germany, with riots, strikes, Jew-baiting and the slaughter of 10,000 people. Great Britain faces prospective rebellion in Ireland and political confusion in England that promises a social overturn. Socialism threatens direct action in France. Russia is a revel of social incoherence. Italy is permeated with anarchism. Turkey is arming against the Allies and preparing for the massacre of more Christians in Armenia. Greece is meditating war against both Italy and Turkey. Everywhere industrial paralysis and starvation and the disintegration of the social order. More men under arms in Europe than there were before the war, while diplomats plot and counterplot for advantage. This is the peace that has been made. It is worse than the war, for the war at least was somewhat relieved of its horror by enthusiasms and exaltations. The peace is simply bleak, dull, sodden misery lighted up only with flashes of massacre and assassination.

And the United States does not care—at least that is what our refusal to ratify the peace treaty means to Europe. We went into the war to make a better world and now we turn our backs upon the uncompleted work. We took our part in the destruction of the old world and order, but now we refuse to participate in the building of a new world and order. We have made a ruin. We will not help to build a structure of civilization to take its place. We deny our own professed ideals. We break our promise to the anguished peoples oversea. We refuse to hear their appeals for help. We go our way, passing on the other side, like the Pharisees. This is the utter selfishness of cowardice, or cowardice of selfishness. It were contemptible if it were not tragically piteous.

Who has done this thing? The professed friends of peace and humanity. The President and his political parasites. They have rejected any peace because they cannot have his peace. They sacrifice the spirit of peace and brotherhood to the letter of an ordinance which they will not have changed. They sacrifice all for words that are nothing. The treaty is slain by its professed friends. They will have no part in a peace to which this country stands pledged. They will not accept reservations which the remainder of the world is ready to accept, in deference to our nationalistic pride. Our autocrat dooms Europe to death by slow torture even as the Kaiser devoted it as a sacrifice to his ambition. When all is said and done it is not Lodge and Reed and Borah and those others who have murdered peace, but the administration in a priggish concern for one man's pride of authorship. The

agony of Europe is drawn out by those who profess the highest devotion to that thing which Europe most needs, international co-operation for the restoration of normal existence. The love of those persons for the people of Europe is like the butcher's love for the lamb he slaughters.

Now what's to be done? No proposal for action meets the conditions. A separate peace will not serve. It will take much time for negotiation, and when that is concluded there is likelihood that the results of the Paris treaty will be shattered into more war. We cannot claim our share in the benefits of a treaty under which we refuse to accept any obligations. We repudiate all the good in the treaty as well as the little bad, and that bad is, after all, mostly bad only for us in our most jingoistic mood. There is nothing to be done but stand by and watch Europe suffer uselessly.

We are told the treaty must be passed upon by the people. But how? The people are for a treaty but not for the President's treaty. The Senate Democrats have killed any other treaty and that one too. The Senate Democrats are not unanimous for the President's, nor the Republicans for Lodge's treaty. The parties are not unified on the subject, and before the people can speak on the subject it may be too late. Conditions in Europe are such that the treaty cannot wait until November. By that time the situation may and probably will have passed beyond control of the existent, crippled League of Nations. Europe may go swiftly to a basis of save himself who can and there may be another and worse war than the one we have not been able to bring completely to an end.

The guilt of assassinating the peace is not the Senate's alone. The President shares in it. The Senate has rejected the treaty because the President would have no treaty but his own. Europe must suffer and starve and die by the millions that the President may not have his exercise in composition corrected. That is the situation in a few words.

The people of the United States are not with the President. His treaty condoned too many things he started out by condemning. His treaty is too much his and too little the people's treaty. The people want a peace that will be something more than a triumph for him.

The President is the killer of the peace. It is dead beyond resurrection if he will not send it back to the Senate in a spirit of willingness to accept modifications which he himself has said are implicit in the document as written. He should sacrifice his pride rather than the women and little children from the Thames to the Euphrates, from the Arctic Ocean to the Mediterranean Sea. If not—then the woes of Europe must be sweeter music and lovelier incense to him than the lightnings of slaughter and thunder of lyres and scent of blood to Roman tyrants drunken on their thrones above the reeking arena of the Coliseum. What an artist he is, who will damn half a world to measureless agony for the integrity of a bit of his own writing!

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

### *Make the City Safe for Girls*

**A**LL St. Louis should "come across" this week with a contribution for the erection of two homes for working women in this city. There was need of them before. The need is intensified now, because of the general shortage of housing. We have only to think of the girl alone, on her own resources, in a great city, and the distresses and dangers that surround her, to realize the imperative necessity for making provision against the possibility of disaster to such girls. There should be plenty of shelter for them, and that shelter should be comfortable, homelike, even somewhat beautifully appointed, and of moderate cost. The Y. W. C. A. purposes raising \$500,000 to carry out this most worthy project. The amount should be fully pledged at the conclusion of the drive Saturday evening. The object is one that appeals to people of very moderate means, as strongly as to the well-to-do. All persons of any social conscience must be touched to generous response simply by the recital of the statistics of the number of girls coming to the city to work, who disappear each year. There is terrible moral tragedy in the figures. Who but must want to do something to help avert such occurrences by providing homes for the newcomers? Subscribe to make the city safe for the girl coming hither to make a living. Here is an opportunity for effective service to society.



### *The Bosses Will Fix 'Em*

UNINSTRUCTED delegations are the fashion for national conventions in both the Republican and Democratic conventions this year. This means votes for possibly as many as forty-eight favorite sons in the early stages of the proceedings, and then—the members of the National Committees and the state bosses will meet during a recess of the convention and choose the ticket by a process of elimination of favorite sons and an agreement as to distribution of offices in the event of success. The bosses will be more powerful than ever in the conventions this year. This is not a good argument in support of nomination by direct primary; it is only a fact, that's all.



### *Mr. Hoover's Orientation*

MR. HERBERT HOOVER will not be the Democratic candidate for President. I don't say this to relieve the distress of mind of Senator Reed in contemplation of the possibility of such a choice, but simply because all the little items of news about Hoover in the papers indicate that his leanings are Republican, his interests are Republican and his associates are Republicans. Besides, first he presumed to advise President Wilson on the treaty at Paris, and second he declared for the treaty with reservations. The staff of the United States Grain Corporation seems to be working for a Republican nomination of their former chief and idol. And Vernon Kellogg's entertaining "Life of Hoover," running serially in *Everybody's Magazine*, is primed and timed to come to an effective climax just before the Republican convention meets in Chicago.



### *The Conviction of Newberry*

TRUMAN NEWBERRY is on the toboggan slide traveled by Billy Lorimer and Ralph Bur-

ton. He confronts a sentence of two years in the penitentiary for violation of the act against corrupt practices in elections. He spent about \$170,000 more than the law permitted him to spend on an election for the senatorship in Michigan. It is not shown that he bought votes; only that he paid men lavishly to influence voters in his behalf. What he bought was what we call nowadays publicity. He put up copiously to influence public psychology in his favor. Indirectly he was paying for a debauchery of the public mind with a false representation of his personality, his abilities, his virtues. He got the Senatorial election as he failed many years before to get an election to the House of Representatives by like methods. He plastered the whole peninsula with his money. There was a "bundle" for anybody or everybody who would serve as an accelerator of public sentiment for him. There were solid business men, a president of the Detroit Chamber of Commerce, editors, men of seeming good character and just plain old-fashioned county and ward grafters on his payroll. The money was not spent by Newberry directly, but by his agents, but there was proof sufficient to convince a jury that he knew what his agents were doing. Now Newberry wasn't a low-brow exactly. He was a kind of swell, a church as well as a social leader. He had been assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was the candidate of the best people against that vulgarian Henry Ford, the automobile man. He and some fifteen others who did his work are started on the way to state's prison. They may or may not arrive, but other political aspirants like Newberry are warned of the danger there is in Newberry methods. Michigan senatorships will not come so high in future.

But what does Michigan think about it? From what I can gather Michigan's so-called best people are grieved. Their sympathies were and are with Newberry. You will hear in Detroit or Grand Rapids that Newberry is the victim of a dark conspiracy, the head center of which is Henry Ford. You will be told that Ford has put up \$2,000,000 to pull the National Democratic Committee out of a financial hole and start another campaign fund on an understanding that Mitchell Palmer was to send Newberry "over the road." You'll hear that Ford dug up or even cooked up the evidence against him, and one of Newberry's converted associates, welcomed in triumph to his home town, is reported as saying that it was well worth seventeen men's going to prison to keep Henry Ford from being senator from Michigan. Ford is as much disliked for having boosted the minimum wage of factory workers in Detroit as was Antonio for having brought down the rate of usance in Venice. You'd think, to hear some Michiganders' talk, that it was Henry Ford who was convicted of violation of the corrupt practices act. But it wasn't Ford but Newberry who spent the money. It was not Ford's money but the money of the extremely wealthy Newberry family. And Henry Ford, if he didn't know the difference between Benedict Arnold and Arnold Bennett, knew enough not to be caught violating the election laws. Ford is guilty only because Newberry couldn't have beaten him otherwise than by spending slathers of money. A few people of good sense believe with Clark McAdams that it was worth while for Henry Ford to be defeated when his defeat made it possible to convict Newberry and his crowd of retainers and send them to the penitentiary. Likewise it was easier to convict Newberry of buying up a whole state than it might have

been to have convicted him of buying a whole legislature under the old system of electing United States Senators.

The fate of Newberry, even as partially worked out, whether he goes to the penitentiary or not, whether he is expelled from the Senate or not, will act as a deterrent upon other millionaire clubmen, churchmen, yachtmen and such who may be tempted to buy senatorships or other offices. His conviction is a triumph for the principle of clean elections. It means especially and particularly that millionaires cannot hoodle their way with impunity into places of honor, vicariously. Other men have themselves expended only sums permitted by law to be expended in elections but winked at the expenditure of large moneys in addition by friends not compelled by law to make an accounting. Neither principals nor agents can now be safe in cutting loose with the coin to fix public opinion and influence voters. For some time poor men will have a chance to secure nomination and achieve election as against plutocratic aspirants, and this not alone in Michigan but in every state in the Union.



### *What the Soldier Thinks*

A MAJORITY of the soldiers are in favor of that proposed bonus. It is doubtful that they would be so, if in looking about them since their return from the war, they did not see so many profiteers getting theirs in more magnificent chunks. Suppose the bonus will cost the country three or four billion dollars, what is that to the rake-offs in high prices for everything? One Chicago concern paid this year \$6,000,000 as a quarterly instalment of its excess profits and income taxes, and there are others. Many a soldier who was not at first inclined to demand the bonus has come around to the opinion that if it's a game of grab all around him, he might as well grab his while the grabbing is good. This isn't good ethics, of course, but it represents a certain rough logic of pragmatism. While the soldier was abroad risking his life for the country other men were at home making money. And some of those makers of big money are now telling the soldier that he should be content with the sense of duty well done and glory well won. Such fine words butter no parsnips for the former fighting man. If the soldier is told that his demand say for a bonus bond will depreciate the value of other bonds he's likely to ask who were beating down the value of those Liberty bonds even before the soldiers' bond issue was formally proposed. Then too the soldier would like to know why during two years nothing was done to take care of the returned fighters, and why the large scheme of vocational training for injured men was abandoned. A soldier who has seen hundreds and maybe thousands of trucks of much value deliberately driven head-on into stone walls and smashed in France, and miles of motorcycles laid flat and rolled into wreck under tanks, in order to avoid the trouble of taking them back to this country, is not apt to listen to moral lectures upon the sin of governmental extravagance. The boy who wore the khaki and had eyes in his head saw some waste of money that makes him think three or four billions more added to the war bill means nothing. The soldier boy is probably a bit cynical as he wonders what the war was fought for anyhow. His country doesn't seem to have got what he was told it went to war for. He partakes of the disillusionment of all his fellow countrymen in this respect. Getting nothing else, he is apt to reach for the money



which some people say he should have, though he hadn't first thought of it. There are plenty of politicians to play for his vote by urging the bonus. Chances are he doesn't like the politicians a little bit, but he's willing to take what they may be able to get for him. He is up against high prices and he cannot profiteer upon others to meet those prices. He sees everybody trying to get out of paying as much income taxes as it is possible to write off, and he can't see that his demand for a bonus is any more unpatriotic than that. There is much to be said in palliation of the soldiers' demand. Conditions all about him urge him to press the demand. Whatever idealism he brought home with him evaporates before the spectacle of a lack of idealism in those who stayed at home. He is forced to look out for his own interests as most other people are doing. He is being fed on phrases while others get more substantial pabulum. We must not blame the soldier back from the wars. We must remember what argument our lives to the fighters' creed has lent. We might show him somewhat of the wrong in the demand for a bonus if we set about cutting down the expenditure of government upon office holders and superfluous machinery. We might insist that the government practice the economy that is being preached to him. But we are doing no such thing. We may be forced to give the soldier his bonus as a salve to our own consciences, as an act of atonement for the egregious prosperity in which the men who fought our fight have such a little share.

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#### The Speechful Sims

We may as well admit that the war was not fought according to the ideas naval or military of Admiral Sims. We may conclude that if he had had his way he would have talked and written ourselves and our associates in the war to a more splendid victory than was achieved upon the strategy and tactics of others. But all the same the gallant sea dog is talking too much now. He is not making for good will between ourselves and the allies. He is stirring up bad blood so far as one man can do such a thing by telling how Admiral Benson told him not to let the British pull the wool over his eyes, the inference being that the authorities of this government were as ready to fight England as Germany. That Admiral Sims is not doing anything to promote and maintain discipline in the navy is plain to everybody. As he talks of the Secretary of War and others his subordinates will soon be talking of him and the whole force will be tempted into a carnival of criticism, back-biting and general knocking. Doubtless there were mistakes and blunders in the naval department, but the talkative admiral seems to be wasting words and time in telling us about terrible things that might have but did not happen. If he had been supreme, things might have been better, but they were pretty good as they were. He did pretty well himself, we all admit. Josephus Daniels is no Nelson. But Josephus Daniels at least had sense enough to put Admiral Sims in charge of our fleet in the ocean war zone, and thus saved that arm of the service from Josephus himself. And Daniels lets the admiral talk. The talk has entertained us for a time, but now it is getting to be a bore. Even if Uncle Josephus did give a relative a decoration "for losing his ship," we don't see that this proves the navy didn't do its part in the war very efficiently upon the whole. Admiral Sims seems to imply that he won the war in spite of Secretary Daniels. Even so; the war was won. What's the use of an admiral's chattering about "ifs?" When Ad-

miral Sims loses a war because the Secretary of the Navy hasn't taken his advice, we shall be glad to hear him upon that subject. But now his loquacity is an affliction to the public, especially as it seems that the Admiral is sorrier he was not a Britisher than because the Secretary of the American Navy wouldn't take his advice. If Sims isn't stopped he may yet talk Josephus Daniels into apotheosis, and future Secretaries may adopt a prophylaxis against naval garrulity as Daniels would not stand for prophylaxis against other diseases. A speech styptic applied to Admiral Sims just now would "fill a long-felt want."

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#### A Revival of Iconoclast Brann

I SEE an advertisement in this paper of the collected writings of "Brann, the Iconoclast," Which reminds me that it was just about this time twenty-three years ago that Brann was killed in Waco but "got" the man who got him. Brann was a power with the pen in that day, an adept in the use of a style that was compounded of Macaulay and Carlyle, with a dash of Ingersoll, and withal suffused with the atmosphere and spirit of a Texas much breezier and ebullient than it is now. He had a magnificent vocabulary which he wielded with a marvelous fluency and facility, whether for invective, satire or tenderness. In the art of felicitous literary allusion he was unsurpassed and he could blend a preciousness of phrase with the absurdities of current colloquialism in a way to produce the most excruciatingly humorous effects. From the coign of Waco he looked down upon the human scene and thundered either thrillingly or entertainingly against the sins and shams and follies of the day. He was one of the forerunners of Bryan who stirred the people mightily against the plutocracy of the period. He was read everywhere and when he went a lecturing drew large audiences of all sorts and conditions of men and women whom he moved by the magic of his somewhat Lincolnian presence and his utterance so smooth and rhythmical and yet more than that—packed with the kind of thought that fed the fires of their rising protest against the rule of Mark Hanna. His *Iconoclast* was the biggest of best sellers among periodicals and his reverberant, resonant phrases often with a slight Rabelaisian touch were of the common stock of conversational quotations. Perhaps he had now and then too much abandon, but for all that he wrote in a way to set people to thinking and to looking up the books he referred to and thus started them off on the road to something like culture. Brann was to the multitude what Elbert Hubbard afterwards became, a prophet of liberal thought, but Brann never went over to the enemy as Hubbard did, to some extent, in admiration and advocacy of the kind of success that was then hailed as representatively American. Brann was not tamed by his own success from his original wildness and coltishness of intellectual unconventionality. He was more of a man's than a woman's writer, all things considered, and his work always "smelled like a man." He was killed in his prime because of some of his attacks upon a Texas denominational college whereat a little Brazilian orphan had been seduced and wherefrom she had been expelled. He died, though, like a true Texan. Brann was a friend and pal of mine, and great company under the chimes at midnight or in a library den. He talked as he wrote, hesitating to use no word that wit could disinfest, and he was sib in spirit to all the glorious fellows of the ages whose words keep them ever living. I am told that to this day his grave in Waco is a place of pilgrimage by

those who admire him. Every little while some of them sends me a bit of clover or a pressed flower from that grave, remembering that I wrote for the *Iconoclast* and Brann wrote much of me. The man survives. There is a steady demand for his writings with their colossal exaggerations of expression and their sonorous waves of sesquipedalian phrases. Those writings now collected in eleven volumes are selling like the famous books of the Rooseveltian five-foot shelf. They bring back old scandals, old battles of thought. They embalm many a name now elsewhere sought in vain. They hold the aroma of the youth of many a greybeard of today. The thing that makes them living is that of himself which William Cowper Brann put into them. Brann was not only a writer but a he-man and the Southwest at least will not forget him for he was and is yet its most authentic voice for political, intellectual and moral freedom. The history of his time can never adequately be written without recourse to those collected works the appearance of which has set me off on this reminiscence of a man who knocked about town with me looking for news for the *Globe-Democrat* when Joseph B. McCullagh was its incomparable editor. I find Brann as readily readable today as he was a quarter of a century ago.

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#### The German Outbreak's Meaning

THERE is nothing much to say about the "confusion worse confounded" in Germany, in the present state of our knowledge, save that it probably would not have occurred if the United States had not laid down upon the peace treaty and the League of Nations. That gave encouragement to both reactionaries and radicals among the Germans. They thought they saw opportunity for mastery there, with the Allies divided and dissentient over many things and the one unimpaired Power out of the combination to preserve the peace. The monarchists thought a strong government might so act as to compel modifications of the treaty. The radicals thought there was a chance to do what the Russian revolutionaries had done and perhaps effect an alliance with the Soviet power offensive and defensive for the destruction of bourgeois government. The Germans would have nothing of Kapp and his crew, so the counter revolution fluked within three days. The more rabid radicals demonstrated in various places and are still demonstrating without much success. The government called a general strike, but is now unable to stop it. So far as one can make out from the jumbled news from day to day, the Ebert government has actually made some concessions to the reactionaries, taking experts of the old school into the cabinet, but there is not enough of this to change the character of the government. The turmoil was not sufficient to give the Allies much concern, and the concessions to the reactionaries by the government are not believed to threaten anything Generalissimo Foch is not prepared promptly to deal with. The uprising was badly planned and poorly executed. It had not secured enough support before taking action. Now Germany must restore order in her own borders. Her condition is worse than before. The country is more disorganized than it was after the abdication of the Kaiser. Nothing has been gained and much has been lost. Civil guerilla warfare prevails in many places and distress rules everywhere. All this would not have occurred if the United States had gone into the League of Nations, for then Germany would have had hopes of an early admittance thereto and participation therein. The failure of the United States



to ratify the peace treaty destroyed all hope of an end to the peace of vengeance and the inauguration of reconciliation. Our action drove the Germans to despairing but futile protest. Need it be said that our withholding approval of the treaty depresses the people of other countries in Europe? Hardly. Upon us those people pinned their faith in a restraint of conflicting imperialisms and in a financial rehabilitation of the late belligerents. That faith is dashed to pieces. There is no power to come between the forces that want to divide the earth among themselves. There is no power to lend a helping hand to broken industry. There is no faith in the League of Nations as a healing influence. It is no League without this country in it. Germany has failed to make effective her protest. The continent is at the mercy of armies that may be set in action any day the diplomatists may quarrel over the spoils. The United States,

seeking no spoils and committed to the ending of spoliation, could within the League put a veto upon the ambitions of others on threat of withholding force and supplies. But now our Congress will not even vote a few hundred millions for relief of the starving. There's nothing for all Europe it seems but eventually more and more of what has just happened in Germany, and the end of that may be the beginning of new Dark Ages. The United States condemns Europe to a carnival of threat-cutting. The Europe she refuses to help get upon its feet will be unable to trade with us, and we shall suffer severely in consequence. Germany is but a symptom of the disease that will soon be epidemic on the continent, and the United States cannot effectively quarantine against it. We are false to ourselves and to the world but—the President is true to his own *idee fixe*, his own *folies des grandeurs*.

## The Move For Moisture

By William Marion Reedy

**R**EACTION against prohibition shows itself politically in the elections in Massachusetts towns that go headlong wet and more significantly in the coming out of candidates for office on a platform amending the Volstead act so as to permit the manufacture and sale of beers and light wines. In Missouri Maj. Harry B. Hawes makes declaration that if no one else will come out for the Democratic nomination for United States senator on such a platform he will. Prohibitionist possibilities for that nomination have been scared off by the resentment shown against the policy of drouth. With the leading Republican aspirant for the nomination on record as voting to override the Presidential veto on the Volstead act, it is possible that he will lose a vast amount of support in the large cities of the state and a dozen or more counties. The Republican party in Missouri contains a strong element of people of German antecedents and those people will not vote for a dry candidate. A beer and light wine Democrat therefore can probably win the election, and especially an able and brilliant man like Major Hawes.

In Louisiana Secretary of State Bailey, declaring his senatorial candidacy, does so upon the beer and light wine platform, and so does Governor O'Neal, of Alabama, announcing his candidacy to succeed the late Senator Bankhead. About the stand of Governor Edwards, of New Jersey, against prohibition everybody knows. It is understood that a similar attitude is represented in the campaign of Senator Hitchcock for a delegation committed to support of him for the Democratic presidential nomination. New York state Democrats have gone on record to the effect that they are against prohibition as a violation of state's rights and personal liberty. It is evident, therefore, that in the Democratic party, at least, there is a determination by a large element not to regard the prohibition question as closed. There certainly will be a hard fight in the Democratic party in all the states between the wets and the dries for the control of delegations to the national convention on this subject, but the fight will be even harder on the candidates for Senate and House of Representatives. The Democrats are worked up on this issue much more than the Republicans; at least they are doing more talking about it. Only the Republican Senator France, of Maryland, declares for repeal of prohibition,

but among the Democrats it is one of the tests of all the presidential possibilities. It seems to me that one reason why Hoover has not made more headway as a Democratic possibility is that the party has no line on to his wetness or dryness. The politicians don't want a candidate who is sloppily wet. They'd like him moderately damp. That is to say, in favor of light wines and beers and against the saloon—and especially against the booze saloon. The damp leaders lay great stress on the fact that the party will gain support by a light drink declaration among the foreign born population everywhere.

The theory of the wet Democrats is further that the enforcement of prohibition has made many former prohibitionists feel that they got more than they bargained for. They were moved principally against the saloons, rather than against liquor itself, and now they find that the law, as drastically enforced, is too much of a good thing, with its accompaniment of espionage and raids upon houses, searching of travelers' baggage, searching citizens for flasks, as if for deadly weapons, and all that sort of thing. One would think that many prohibitionists were in favor of prohibition for the fellow who can't handle his liquor, but not for a law that would cut them off from their own occasional "nip." The prohibitionist strength, on this calculation, is not what it was. Therefore, there is a good chance to elect senators and representatives who will vote to amend the Volstead act to permit the making and selling of the softer drinks. Many senators and representatives who voted for prohibition did so against their own convictions and only because they feared for their own political fortunes at the hands of the organized and active dries in their bailiwicks. Now, if there is a weakening of prohibition sentiment because of the object lessons in law enforcement, and an intensification of opposition upon the part of liberal minded folk to the siccant sirocco that has been sweeping over the land, the prospects are thought to be fair for the election of a Congress that will modify the law under which prohibition is being enforced. Certainly most of the big cities will not elect any dry representatives and they will vote heavily against dry candidates for the Senate. Candidates will be as desirous of getting wet support as they ever were of securing dry support, and it seems to be a fact that there is an increase

of wet sentiment in formerly dry states and districts, while there is no increase of dry sentiment in originally wet regions. That this is the situation would seem to be indicated by the fact that politicians expert in judging the state of public opinion are declaring for the modification of the Volstead law. They see a tide of reaction coming and are preparing to take it at its flood leading on to their good fortune.

Nationally, there does not seem to be a probability that the Democratic convention will declare for beers and light wines. One might think that there would be, if candidates in states and districts are as the damps describe them, but the general thought seems to be that Mr. William Jennings Bryan will be in the convention and will not let it declare for modified drouth. If the convention should so declare, the dry vote would be lost to the party. The wets would stay in line on the strength of the hope of electing senators and representatives who would moisten the Volstead act, no matter what the party platform might say to the contrary. The dries can go to the Republican party easier than the wets, for there is no likelihood that the Republican platform will make a wet appeal. Even radicals like the Forty-eighters didn't touch prohibition in their platforms. LaFollette's Wisconsin platform ducks the issue. The Socialists soft pedal the proposition. Those groups are not expedientists or opportunists, but they are not looking for trouble on the prohibition issue. What then can we expect from the Democratic and Republican politicians who are nothing if not opportunists and whose aim is to have planks that will catch everybody? I heard a wet Democrat argue the other day that the proper thing for the national convention to do would be to put up a dry candidate, Mitchell Palmer, on a wet platform. But the Democratic platform will have to declare for law enforcement. So will the Republican. If they don't, how are they going to come out for strong law enforcement against the Bolsheviks and Reds—which is the one "bunk" thing both parties are certain to do. The Democrats aren't sure where the President stands with regard to prohibition. He has stood on all sides of that, as on most other things, including ratification of a peace treaty. All the politicians surely know is that if the Democratic convention slams prohibition Mr. Bryan will split the party.

I find that wets generally believe there is only one Republican candidate upon whom they can base any hope. That is Hiram Johnson, of California. He comes from a wine-making state. So does Senator Harding. Prohibition has hit the wine industry of Ohio as hard as it has hit that of California. Hoover, as a Californian, is regarded as inclined to dampness, if not to wetness to the point of saturation. Moreover the greatest anti-prohibition papers in the United States—the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *New York World*—are boosting Hoover, the one tentatively, the other boldly, and the prohibitionist *Christian Science Monitor* takes occasion to swat the former Food Controller on this score, while hinting at possible economic entanglements that might render him unavailable as the nominee of either party.

So then we have a situation as to prohibition that is as clear as mud. A few men think they see a weakening of prohibition sentiment in their own neighborhoods and boldly announce themselves in a way to make it advantage themselves. They all "hedge" somewhat. They don't come out against prohibition, but only against whiskey, gin, rum, brandy, etc., and against the saloon. That is all right as far as



it goes, but does it go far enough, to get anywhere? Let us imagine ourselves not necessarily prohibitionists, but opponents of the saloon as not only a haunt of vice, but a focal point of political corruption. What would we say in such capacity to the beer-and-light-wines, anti-saloon proposal? Why, simply this: What assurance is there that the saloon will be kept banned if a damp majority controls Congress? Too many of the damp folks were only too recently sloshy wet. Too many of them at heart are not really against hard liquor or the saloon. They and the men they elect cannot be trusted to go so far and no farther. A light-wines-and-beer policy would be only the camel's nose in the Arab's tent. It would mean the coming back of the hard liquor and the saloon dump. On this view of the subject it seems that some of the damp leaders are underestimating the intelligence, as they doubt the honesty, of the prohibitionist people. The dries won't sip the cup of beer-and-light-wines. They won't compromise on such an amendment to the Volstead act, and notwithstanding the fact that many former prohibitionists don't like prohibition as they got it, most of the dries are not ready to go back upon their principles. All prohibitionists are not hypocrites or politicians. They are for the most part unlikely to be allured by the politicians who want light wines and beer. They will continue to oppose such politicians and will do so with the same old arguments that either defeated these politicians before or forced them into apparent acquiescence in prohibition. We know politicians in Congress voted in violation of their own conviction on the liquor question, but prohibitionists won't do that, and, after all, do not most of us suspect that the prohibitionists who are now recanting and saying it has gone too far, were never very much prohibitionists anyhow? Are not some of the politicians fooling themselves about the extent of the reaction against prohibition?

I am anti-prohibition *saecula saeculorum*. Now I get to thinking when I'm out mixing with the city politicians and the good liver and the country politician in town to look things over, that prohibition will be knocked out at the next session of Congress, and I certainly hope it will, when I have to pay \$7.50 for a pint of whiskey for a sick woman who needs it, but I don't think so when I'm reading my mail from all over the United States, for that mail, as far as it touches the subject at all, is much stronger for no compromise with the liquor power than it is for any modification of the prohibition laws. I don't think the overthrow of prohibition is the easy job my friends in politics think it is. They didn't believe prohibition ever could happen. They were wrong. It did. I think they are wrong now in thinking they can soon undo what happened, and much as I dislike prohibition I don't think it is the only cause that appeals to reasonably decent people. There are other freedoms endangered than freedom to drink—more important freedoms. There is taxation. There is compulsory military training. There are freedom of speech and press. The liquor question is a nuisance and a danger in that it tends to throw us off the scent of other issues. Those politicians who are concentrating on the liquor question do so because they want to dodge other and more important social, economic and ethical questions. They would, in a sense, ply us with liquor into unconsciousness during which they or their masters would rob us of free speech, free pen, free production. Liquor liberty isn't the only kind of liberty we care for. And this is a point the politicians

must not overlook. Many anti-prohibitionists would prefer the loss of liquor to the loss of those other liberties, and will vote that way. A lot of us feel that, maybe, it wouldn't be a bad thing to revive some of those other liberties while the lid is on, and blow the lid off afterward, when there would be something worth celebrating.

The American people may not like to have its drink taken away. They would like to get it back, I think. But they would like to be dead sure first that it wouldn't come back upon them with all the accompaniments of the saloon power in politics and in privilege legislation. They resent the apparent tendency in some quarters to make liquor the only issue. They realize that it obscures other issues and postpones reforms. Unfortunately, sensible people feel, the people have no more to expect in betterment from the restoration of the corrupt and corrupting power of the saloon, than from the dominance of men who care more that a people should be stolidly sober than that they should be free. In such a situation I think that most thinking Americans, who are mostly anti-prohibitionists, will incline to say about the proposal to scrap prohibition at once, "Let us wait and see." I think prohibition is an abomination and iniquity, but what other abominations and iniquities may come with the restoration to power—for that is possible if not probable—of a political element than forms the aggressive phalanx of the forces of anti-prohibition? It is bad to be told what we can or cannot drink, but it is at least equally bad that the saloon gang was the bulwark of political strength of those special interests which plundered and still plunders the people in so many ways direct and indirect.

All of which is to say that the destruction of prohibition is not so easy as some poli-

ticians seem to imagine. Doubtless most of us would like life a bit damp, for escape from our inhibitions. Doubtless we despise the hypocritic motive behind the enforced drouth, and resent the detestable spying and informing upon people for doing something not *malum per se*. But there is no doubt that the vast majority of the people do not want the saloon back and will be chary of supporting any proposal of modifying prohibition that does not first make certain that the saloon, as we knew it in its prime of vicious power, shall not return, and that light wines and beer shall not prepare the way for that whiskey for which the new "damps" or "moists," affect such abhorrence. Those "damps," or "moists," should set forth very specifically exactly how they propose and purpose to modify the Volstead law.

The friends of the movement for moisture will have to carry on a "sniping" campaign against the candidates opposed thereto, just as the American Federation of Labor is going sniping in every congressional district. The fight will be much localized. One may doubt, however, that the prohibition issue will overshadow other issues in the campaign nationally. The reaction may not be as strong as the wets claim, and however strong it may be it will be mollified by the demand of the people to know whether beer and light wines mean the restoration of the noxious saloon to political power. The anti-prohibitionists will have to provide strong proof that they are not organized, financed and sustained by liquor as a privileged interest in alliance with other special interests. The people may be in revolt against the prohibition evil, but they won't take a chance on voting it down and out if they believe and feel that by doing so they will be voting the saloon gang up and in again.

## Woodrow Wilson

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

*The author of this article is probably the best-known of the more advanced Liberals on the Pacific Coast, and he is a veteran in the cause. He is a graduate of the United States Military Academy, 1871, as was fitting in the son of a Surgeon General of the United States Army, served in Nez Percé, 1877, and Bannock and Piute campaigns, 1878. Admitted to the bar in 1884, he is a practitioner in Portland, Oregon, and a picturesque figure in the intellectual and social life of that important town, with a coast-long reputation as an orator of keenness and charm, distinguished as a poet and as an authority on the myths and folk lore of the North American Indians. His volume "The Poet in the Desert" is a notable achievement in descriptive, philosophical and passionate verse, while his "Maia," a sonnet-sequence, with interludes and intermezzos, is gorgeous rapture. Mr. Wood is a Democrat and more—a democrat of culture. He supported Mr. Wilson for President on the stump in the campaigns of 1912 and 1915, and now repents.*

SOME still admire President Wilson, many rage against him, but none pities him; and of all living men, he is most to be pitied. He has fallen from the pedestal of his own time and from the pinnacle of history. There are failures which Time lifts up and glorifies, because, though they failed in accomplishment, they were true to their ideals; and there are failures which Time leaves crumbled where they fell. Woodrow Wilson clothed the ideals of the world in such perfect phrases that he became the hope of the world—of that world which is to be, as the promise of Spring

is from the world that has died. He robbed the war of its character as a contest between tigers for the carcass of the world, and he stated the war aims to be "world freedom", "world democracy", "self-determination of the lesser peoples", "a war to end war", "a peace without victory or vengeance". His words robbed our own entry into this trouble of every sordid motive and made us a Sir Galahad or Sir Perceval, defender of Liberty and Democracy at home and the world over for its own sake; asking nothing for ourselves, we did not ask for all mankind. He purified the selfish and savage struggle between rival exploiting Powers by stating such war aims as the Allies themselves had never dreamed, and in phrases they were not capable of, but which, in their desperation, they recklessly accepted. How could he know that they only accepted noble ideals as the gambler accepts honesty, till he can safely repudiate it?

"Peace without victory", "No punitive imposition", "No quarrel with the common people but only with their imperial, military masters", "Self-determination for the weaker nations", "The acid test, the treatment of the Russian revolution", "No secret treaties to be recognized and hereafter no secret diplomacy, but open covenants openly arrived at", "A league of all the nations of the earth, conquered as well as conquerors", "The toil of the people not to be wasted in armies and armaments", "The freedom of the seas, the common highway of all nations".

The common people, whom the centuries have trampled, shouted and prayed. There was no tongue that did not utter "Wilson". Here at last was the



new Dawn; justice for the burden-bearers of every land, Germans as well as French, Austrians as well as English, Polish, Czech, Slav, Jugo-Slav, Italians, Russians and the Chinese (whom we had persuaded into the war as our associates, on our guaranty to them of justice with peace;) Irish, Egyptian and the far distant Hindoo. All these fixed their hopeful eyes on Wilson, their savior, walking to them across the sea, and strong in the wealth, food and young men of the United States.

Here was the dictator of the new destiny, the prophet of the new day; standing on a peak, to which the eyes of the world were lifted up. It was a glorious sunrise, and the toilers of the earth, who had waited so long for the day, believed their deliverer was at hand. They ran about, kissing each other, and in many languages they cried out to each other, "Wilson, Wilson, Wilson". Streets were named for him, and songs, and places, and children. His every principle was accepted by the Allies, and on this stated creed the armistice was signed. The world war was over.

And then—instead of peace without victory, victory without peace; instead of no punitive indemnities, the conquered were bled white and mothers and babies were starved by the millions. Even Frenchmen and Englishmen protested. Instead of self-determination of the weaker peoples, China was betrayed and Shantung, with her forty millions of people, mines, railways and forests, delivered to the only surviving feudal, military, imperialism, Japan. To render Germany economically helpless forever, France practically annexed the Saar Valley, with its iron and coal. England takes all the German colonies south of the equator and acquires new territory in Africa equal to nearly half the United States. Japan, in addition to the Shantung province, takes all the German colonies north of the equator. Instead of the acid test being a sympathetic attitude towards the struggling revolutionists of Russia, a ruthless and baby-killing war is waged on Russia because, within her own borders, she is trying the greatest experiment in democracy since the French Revolution, and greater than that, because it is an attempt at industrial democracy, not political; it is an experiment in the real freedom of the worker; and just as England led the thrones of Europe in their attack on the French Revolution, so England leads the blockade and the attack on the industrial revolution of Russia. Instead of protesting against this interference in the internal affairs of Russia, this attack on the new democracy, we join in that attack; not by an expression of the people's will, not by an act of Congress, as by the Constitution required, but by the sole will of Woodrow Wilson. The United States again and again has declared, especially in our Civil War, that there must be no meddling by an outsider in the internal affairs of any people; but this unwritten part of our Constitution is forgotten and only by the imperial will of Woodrow Wilson, we join with imperial England and imperial Japan in an effort to strangle by blood and blockade the attempt of the working classes of Russia to work out their own destiny. When President Wilson returned to this country and took the stump in the interests of his treaty, he declared there should be no peace with the Russian revolutionists while "I am President". Is not this the very ego of Louis XIV, "The State? I am the State"? Instead of the repudiation of secret treaties, every secret treaty was given force and effect in the treaty frame-up at Versailles. Secret treaties, too, made as a betrayal of ourselves and as the price between France and Great Britain, on the one side, and Japan and Italy, on the other, for their entering the war. Instead of open covenants openly arrived at, the whole treaty plot is behind closed doors and practically by four men. When the lid is lifted, every one of the fourteen points has evaporated.

The golden sunrise has faded. The hope of the world is once more cast into outer darkness and the peoples left howling. Their sure instinct turns against their savior. They declare him false to them,

false to democracy, false to every syllable that medicined their hearts, false to himself. But his egoism does not let him see this; even to the last, like a poor, demented one, clutching at a chaplet of straw, he insists that all we fought for has been secured, that not one point is missing, and in eloquent phrases he still declares that the slaughter of the young men has not been in vain. The very newsboys of all languages know better. Some now question his sincerity, but there never was a more sincere man since Nero. His great egoism reconciles to himself all his inconsistencies, takes all his failures as triumphs. One who is abnormal in a diseased egoism cannot help but be sincere. He is his own God and sole repository of right. No matter what he does or how he varies, he alone is right, the rest of the world is wrong. Nor can such an abnormal egoist be otherwise than obstinate. If he changes (except as he is fooled into change, believing it is not change, as Mr. Wilson often was at Versailles), he deserts the one and only right, as declared to himself by his supreme egoism. Mr. Wilson's every word and act must be tested and explained by an autolatriy so great that it is destructive of himself and dangerous to others. Is not this man to be pitied? As an intellectual concept, he sought to serve mankind, but a supreme egoist can never serve. To serve a cause it must be to the server greatest of all, and for it self-immolation must be a joy. Debs is serving humanity, and many an humble I. W. W.; but Mr. Wilson cannot serve, for to himself he is greater than any cause on earth, even the cause of humanity. He is not conscious of this, for colossal egoism drugs its victim to believe all he thinks or does is the perfection of right.

When once we understand Mr. Wilson's colossal conceit, we understand all, and can or ought to regard him with pity, as one whose infirmity has robbed him of that place in history which I am sure he covets. We understand his quarrel with the men who made him or helped to make him in his early beginning; his failure to endure any but second-rate men about him, and if by chance he should gather to his councils any man of independent judgment whatever, they quickly part company with him. It must be *his* will, *his* thought, *his* judgment and *his* alone. He is incapable of taking advice, a serious defect in a governor. We understand why he made the move, ridiculous in the eyes of all men, appealing to the country to return a Congress which should continue to do his will. Only a dangerous egoism could have led him to go to Paris, head in air, a new *Don Quixote*, absolutely alone and, as it turned out by his own admission, absolutely uninformed. I know he had a staff of technical advisers, but these were mere technical advisers and bore no part of the treaty-making power on behalf of the United States, and many of these deserted when, by force of circumstances, they were compelled to exercise some independent judgment or tender to him some differing advice. One would think that the commonest common sense would have compelled him to remember that the Senate of the United States was, equally with himself, a part of the treaty-making power, under the Constitution, and that he would have associated himself with the leaders of that body in some shape or manner, regardless of party; that he would have consulted the representatives of the people and even would have sought the mind and temper of the people of the United States. Instead of this, he not only goes to Paris as a reticent and self-sufficient solitary but evidently, from his utterances since his return, he there gave his associates to understand that the treaty which he was to present to the Senate of the United States and the people would be swallowed as written, for he says to alter a word or line of it would break faith with his associates. Understanding his egoism, we understand why he has sulked so unnecessarily and foolishly against the slightest modification of the treaty phraseology, refusing to meet the Senate even half-way and requiring that treaty ratifying body

to become a mere figurehead. Yet there were most important points to discuss, as the sequel shows, points which the whole world now admits to be important. He declared that to alter the treaty by a word would break the heart of the world, mistaking his own heart for that of the world. When we consider the importance of this treaty, is it not a monstrous egoism which expects that the Senate of the United States will forego its constitutional rights and duties and the people of the United States will accept without any discussion at all, whatever Mr. Wilson himself, sole and single, chooses to bring back to them from that secret conference with the governments of Europe. Understanding his egoism, we understand the almost wicked obstinacy and exultation with which he has declared, "You shall remain in a state of war until you take my treaty as written", although the war ceased more than a year ago. We understand why it was that, with almost the craft of the insane, he so interwove his League of Nations with the rest of the treaty that, as he himself boasts, one cannot be disentangled from the other, all must be accepted together.

Is not a diseased egoism the explanation that the self-proclaimed champion of world democracy, in order to emphasize that we are still at war, permits his cabinet ministers to assail our own democracy and liberty with all the outrages of a time of war, though the whole world knows we are actually at peace? To my mind, history will record nothing as more inconsistent between professions and acts than Mr. Wilson's slaughter of liberty at home. He has never hesitated to dictate to any subordinate, including any and all of his Cabinet officers, when their acts or opinions ran counter to his own personal wishes or judgment or vanity. He has never hesitated to lay the lash on Congress and has made the Democratic party the mere instrument to register his will. We must infer, therefore, that he is not interested in these assaults on liberty at home. We must infer that this Prussianizing of America does not offend him. Wholesale raids, prosecutions, persecutions, mock trials, deportations, violations of the Goddess of Liberty on every hand, and he sits, approvingly silent. I ask again, is it because these attacks are against those who have differed with *him* and criticised *him*? His latest experiment is a reactionary Attorney General, who not content with carrying the Espionage Act over into a time of peace by preparing a new act "with teeth in it", has also stepped outside of the Federal jurisdiction and asked the states to aid him where Congress has not aided and to join with him in a nation-wide drive to annihilate the Communist Labor party. Woodrow Wilson knows, if anyone does, that no I. W. W. or any other person brought to trial during the time of war hysteria or during this present time has had or has the slightest chance of a fair trial, yet he permits these wholesale raids and persecutions to go on without a word. He who is such a scholar and historian and who is so keen for his own constitutional rights has not one seductive phrase to show that all this harrying of the poor is against every tradition of this country, that his Attorney General is violating every tradition of Federal limitations and he seems to have forgotten that Thomas Jefferson founded the Democratic party in overwhelming protest against lesser tyrannies than these. Of what value is any success whatever in mere world politics abroad if the President of the United States fails to protect hearthstone freedom in his own country. One stroke of his pen would free the victims of war madness who languish in prison today for conscience and opinion sake; but if he knows they are there, he is apparently glad to have them there, as suffering witnesses that we are still at war and have not followed his dictation as to a treaty of peace. From the Prussianizing folly of his Postmaster General and Attorney General, no one is safe, and free speech, free press, free conscience and right of assembly have become words, words, mere words to catch school children with. While his Bourbon Cabinet ministers rape the Goddess of Liberty before



his eyes, Woodrow Wilson remains silent. The explanation again is that his monstrous ego takes no offense whatever at persecution against people who dare to differ with him and dare to think for themselves. His ego chases a new Holy Alliance, with half the nations of the world excluded from it, while his own ministers fill our prisons with men whose only offense is daring to think and to think differently from Wilson. Mr. Wilson is by nature an autocrat, as all great egoists are. There is no real understanding of freedom in his soul, as there is in that of Debs; love of freedom means love for others, love of power means love for oneself. Woodrow Wilson has reduced the Democratic party to the insignificance of a one-man machine, and, like all servile and narrow instruments, it has lost its integrity, its purpose, and it only awaits the execration next November of everyone except the solid South, which cannot help itself and which, by the way, has been in control.

Had Mr. Wilson been a great idealist, he, when he found he was betrayed, would have withdrawn home to his countrymen from Paris, with a frank report of all of his failures. Against such a blue-sky appeal to the peoples of the world, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando would have fallen like dead trees in a tempest. The peoples of the world, including the people of this country, would have stood by Wilson, the idealist, whom they regarded as the savior of the world. But to retreat, empty-handed and betrayed, to make such an appeal to the country and the world, would be to admit a personal defeat, which his ego could not do. Is he not a man to be pitied? Compare Wilson's devotion to freedom with Lincoln's. More learned than Lincoln and at first much more solidly supported, Wilson will never reach to the shoe-latchet of that great man. He lacks the human touch which made that humble and unselfish server of liberty understanding of all men, brother to all who suffered; jealous, not for himself, but for humanity, and passionate for freedom; freedom which knows no distinction, but includes black and white, the humblest and the poorest.



## The High Cost of Living

By Edward J. Shrivvers

Secretary of the Free Trade League.

THE wisecracks are telling us at a great rate what is the trouble in these unquestionably troublesome times. The quantitative-theory-of-money men, including Prof. Irving Fisher, with his weird scheme of expanding and contracting the amount of gold in a dollar, or rather the expression of a dollar—are sure that there is too much gold being produced; notwithstanding that the world's annual production is about one-tenth of a day's exchanges on the New York Clearing House alone. The rich men are all sure that it is because they are being taxed too heavily. The former president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, a most estimable gentleman, is equally sure that the thing to blame is the extravagance and corruption of our government in conducting the war; quite oblivious to the fact that there was a lower percentage of this than with any country in any war ever known, except perhaps the Japanese government in its war against Russia.

With the enormous volume of our war operations, there was undoubtedly extravagance, often entered into deliberately for the sake of speed, and often with the full knowledge that there would be a certain amount of waste. Quite probably some of the captains of industry, whom it was desirable to draft into service because of their unquestioned great skill, used their opportunity for personal or corporate profit. But, after all, what really happened was that the world was turned from productive to destructive effort, and that, incidental to this, the occasion was inevitably afforded for the profiteer.

The cost of living rose at once as a natural sequence. Of course the profiteers could get their own price because useful things were not being produced in quantity. Then it was also natural that the workers who had to consume the useful things should demand wage increases to cover their higher cost, and once having tasted blood, it was natural that they should continue their demands, and so what the papers call "the spiral progression of wages" began.

Now comes the real question; why everything should be exchanging at higher money values, and wages at a higher level, which does not bring any better real results. Goods exchange for goods, under normal conditions, according to the amount of effort that it costs to produce them; and are measured in value by what it costs to produce gold. If, for the time being, any particular kind of goods, being subject to current consumption, are in excess of the immediate demand, their value will diminish and, if short of demand, it will increase. This does not apply to gold, the measure of value, because its total quantity as compared with all goods, is infinitesimal, and it is practically not consumed at all. The situation is complicated by the fact that for about fifteen years previous to this war madness, the value of gold as compared with other articles was steadily decreasing and, of course, the price of other articles measured in gold was steadily increasing. The quantitative theorists jumped to the conclusion that this was because of the increased production of gold, from about 300 million dollars a year to about 450 millions. But this was really an effect and not a cause. The amount of effort required to produce an ounce of gold had been materially reduced, chiefly through the cyanide process, and so long as this was not fully reflected in prices of other articles, there was a greater incentive to produce gold and a consequently increased production. The total quantity was so small—less than one-sixth or one-eighth of the wheat or corn crop in the United States alone—that its fluctuation could not cut any possible figure, even if gold, or the treasury certificates which represent it, were actually exchanged for other articles.

But as a matter of fact they never are. Goods are exchanged for goods, and the resultant debits and credits passed along by bookkeeping entries, which is all that the system of transfers through bank credits amounts to. To diverge for a moment, this use of the word "credits" has been one of the most potent causes of confusion in financial economics, because it has led many people to think that it has the same meaning as "credit" and that a bank deposit must originate in a bank loan; when, as a matter of fact, the exact reverse is really the case. When the producer of wheat seeks to sell his crop to provide the bank deposit from which to pay for a quantity of coal that he wishes to buy, he instinctively figures up how much exertion it has cost him, as compared with the exertion required to produce an ounce of gold, and arrives at his expected selling price in dollars accordingly. And the producer of coal meets him on the same ground, the fluctuation in values between the two depending on the relative momentary scarcity of one or the other; which in normal times is speedily corrected back to actual cost of production by increase or decrease of production.

As we now stand after four years of effort turned to making things for destruction, all useful things are scarce, and each producer has seen his chance to get a higher return for his energies expended; which, except for the monopolistic or profiteer class, is promptly offset by the similar opportunity of other producers. The wage earners, constituting the principal consumers, must have their compensation increased to meet the higher cost of what they buy, and this again increases costs and so we go on pyramiding. Gold has not been eaten or burned or worn out, as have been food-stuffs or coal or clothes, and so gold has continued to be measured by its cost of production, while other

things, whose real cost of production had not been changed, have come to be measured—for the time being—by the scarcity value.

The remedy, of course, is to replenish the scarcity by increased production; but when this is coupled with the advice to reduce consumption, it is a contradiction in terms, because there can be no production without consumption. Nor would Professor Fisher's widely promoted scheme for calling a dollar so many grains of gold one day, and a different number of grains the next day or week, do any good. Apart from the palpable impossibility of determining prices by index numbers in time to have any present application; and the unfairness of having the bank deposit made today mean one thing and that made a month ago quite another; the whole scheme could not possibly have any effect on the essential point—the replenishment of scarcity. If we could all by common consent, scale down our values of goods or work to a normal basis it would of course be ideal; but it is to be feared that the usual painful experience of forced readjustment has got to be gone through with before we can get back to natural conditions.



## Missouri Politics

By W. M. R.

POLITICS in Missouri are turning on the question, wet or dry. The peace issue is entirely secondary, in both parties.

Republican Senator Spencer is a candidate for renomination. He is, by his vote, dry. That means the city politicians of his party don't like him. Dwight Davis, one opponent, is flatly wet. The ruralites don't like that. James L. Minnis is another candidate, an ex-railroad attorney, who doesn't know whether he is wet or dry. And the leading Republican aspirant for the governorship, Mr. E. E. E. McJimsey meets the issue by saying he believes in "enforcing the law." There will be a scratching bee at the primary.

In the Democratic camp Maj. Hawes seems to be in a receptive mood as to the Senatorial nomination. He believes in light wines and beers, and he thinks that platform would pull enough Republican votes in the election to give St. Louis to the Democrats by 25,000 votes, which would kill the dry majority in the country. Maj. Hawes' declaration has brought out the candidacy of Charles M. Hay as a dry. He was not going to run until Maj. Hawes defined the issue. Hawes can carry St. Louis for the nomination against anybody. But Hay will have the country if it is as dry as it used to be. Ex-Attorney General Atkinson is seeking nomination for Governor, as a law-enforcer. Col. or Judge Mayer of St. Joseph is a law-enforcement aspirant, too, but apparently with a wink. But George H. Moore, U. S. Collector at St. Louis, is the candidate of the politicians everywhere who can carry primaries. He is a strong contender. As for Governor Gardner, his stand for wetness almost cost him his election, and now he doesn't know what to do on the issue, and withholds announcement as to the senatorship.

Then there's the question of delegations to both national conventions. It is not likely Senator Reed can go as delegate at large to San Francisco. The state Democracy doesn't think he's regular; but it may let him go as a district delegate. The friends of Dwight Davis say Senator Spencer shall not go as delegate at large to Chicago as that would give him added prestige for re-nomination. And in both parties delegates to the convention will be chosen on the issue of wet or dry.

Drink or thirst is a bigger issue in Missouri than League of Nations or no League. The wets are grown cocky since prohibition has come, for its enforcement has caused resentment. But the dries stand pat on drouth.



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## The Walk-Arounds

By Domesticus

**I**N MY TOWN the walk-arounds have made an awful hole in the regular restaurant business. When I say walk-around, I drop into the pet phraseology of a friend of mine, who thus classifies those palaces of eats, more politely termed cafeterias. As the reader is aware, the cafeteria was invented and introduced something like a quarter century ago by some heaven-born and long-suffering genius who had grown bald and wrinkled sitting at tables in dining rooms, restaurants and cafés, waiting for dilatory Ganymedes and Hebes to serve his order. It was the inspiration of this great benefactor of the race to invent an eatshop in whose domestic economy Ganymede and Hebe were to have no part. The goods were simply placed on display, the customer looked 'em over, selected what looked good to him, toted his selections over to a table or a chair with a wing-arm, consumed them, paid his check and walked out—having in the process saved probably fifty per cent of the time usually consumed in getting his luncheon—and nearly, if not quite, fifty per cent of the cost.

The original cafeteria, however, differed from the up-to-date and contemporaneous walk-around. It did not spring from the brain of its inventor, Minerva-like, complete and fully armed. Subsequent inventors seized hold of the initial scheme and improved it until at last we have the "finished product" of today. In the primordial cafeteria you pursued the go-as-you please system of victualing yourself, and at the rush hour more or less confusion—and spills—was the result. Massive minds concentrated themselves upon the problem of getting 'em in and getting 'em out and getting the money without this chaotic confusion—and finally they hit upon the plan which was to work out so successfully. That is to say, they constructed something very like a miniature race track, which you entered upon entering the establishment, by a straight and narrow gate, and left at the other end of it, bearing your tray in triumph. On one side of the race course was a fence composed of racks and counters bearing the eats from which you grabbed the component particles of your luncheon; on the other a nice brass railing, within which were assembled the tables at which the racers eventually sat down to feed after the fatigues and ardors of the chase. The first rack encountered bore stacks of trays, cutlery and napkins. Then came, in due order, the various articles of provender from soup to nuts, with the coffee boilers and water fountains as the distant and glorious goal. But before you escaped to your table, you must pass the checker, who, with calculating but lightning-like glance, took in the contents of your tray, and dropped upon it a check for the amount of your indebtedness. You were then at liberty to sit—provided you could find a place—and eat, and pay and go your way.

When they first came around, the cafeterias made a hit with me. My innate flair for the new and novel lent them an irresistible seduction. But in



a comparatively short time my fickle fancy veered. Not having been graduated from the football field, I found that I was at a disadvantage in the great noonday free-for-all. Several harrowing mishaps involving more or less complete *débâcles*, from which I emerged looking rather like a walking advertisement for a salad and mixed pickle factory, had a salutary effect in curbing my passion for waiting on myself. And the upshot was that eventually I went back to Ganymede and Hebe, choosing them as the lesser of two evils and resolving to exercise my soul in patience and distribute my tips with an economy calculated to make them stretch to the last possible extreme.

So I forswore the cafeterias and the excitements which they provided—until the walk-arounds evolved from them. I say until—but that is not quite correct. I scorned the walk-arounds when first they made their appearance. But with the steadily rising cost of eats and the steadily declining standard of service in the regular restaurants and cafés, I was at length driven into them in the hope of decreasing the one and eliminating the other. Nowadays nearly every noon finds me following the beaten path that leads from tray rack to checker and gets me out at last with a gratuity in the way of a somewhat perfunctory smile from the cashier who, as she takes my change, recognizes me for a steady.

As I have said, the walk-arounds are making an awful hole in the regular restaurant business. At least in our town. They have almost driven them out, bag and baggage, from many localities, sending some into bankruptcy and others into new locations. It is all a question of cost to the consumer and here the walk-around has it on—or, rather, puts it all over—the old-fashioned eating place. Of course, there is always this question to be answered: Can you stand the crowd that races at the walk-around and do you like the grub. If you are too sensitive to ceremonial and too fastidious of gustatory values to be able to descend to these levels, you must go elsewhere and pay the price. If you are not, and haven't the price, then you won't. Personally I dislike the crowd and am none too fond of the grub, but the price settles it.

And yet the grub might be a great deal worse. There are walk-arounds and walk-arounds. The good ones are rather good and the bad ones are awful. But as this rule is universal in its application and nothing can escape therefrom, its implications need not necessarily deter you. The thing is to search out the best one you can find and then try to be content with what it has to offer.

That one which I frequent is, as I have more or less fondly endeavored to persuade myself, one of the very best. Not until after I had learned something of its history and management did I decide to favor it with my distinguished patronage. And this I ran on quite by accident. Meeting an old acquaintance one day, he said:

"Did you know Frank was married?"

"What? Frank? Married? No, indeed! Really? And to whom?"

"Well, you know the old boy had boarded over on the East Side for

years at one of the best boarding-houses in that part of town. It was run by two maiden sisters and they knew how. The rooms were nice and the eats good. Frank tied up there years ago and never got away. And last month he married one of the old girls?"

"The deuce! What on earth—?"

"Well, it was this way. The old girls decided they could make more money if they branched out. They had had a lot of experience in catering on a small scale and felt confident they could succeed on a larger one. So, experimentally, they came down town and rented a room on G—— street and put in a walk-around. It was a go from the start. The grub was so much better than at most of those joints that people soon were walking blocks to make the place and inside of a year they couldn't take care of their business. Then they opened another one. It fared the same way. Then they opened a third. Now they have these three joints a-going and are simply grinding out the money hand-over fist. The other day a Jew offered those two foxy old girls \$250,000 for their three walk-arounds, with the leases, furniture, name and good-will. Well, the furniture is the plainest kind and I reckon anybody could outfit the three places for a lot less than \$10,000 apiece. But the old girls simply would not listen to the proposition and turned it down cold. It's said that they are netting over \$100,000 a year, clean money? Well, old Frank hears all about it. He's had a lot of fun as he went along and as you are aware, like you and me, is getting to that part of the road where he is looking for a good home and no worries to speak of. One of the old girls had been ready to jump into the river for him for years. So he began saying a few sweet words to her—and the other day he married her?"

I decided then to go around and sample the old girls' eats—in which now my old friend Frank had an interest. I found them away above the ordinary in quality and below it in price. So there I've been walking around most ever since. When I get tired of the one just around the corner from the office, I walk six blocks to one of the other ones. Everything is standardized in the three, but there are a few differences between 'em and an occasional change whets the jaded appetite, as any reputable specialist upon diseases of the digestive apparatus will inform you for a reasonable fee.

The incidents above-narrated occurred some two years ago and since then I have become a steady. And in that time I have collected enough material to write a book that would be a best-seller if only I had a chance to work into it all the interesting things that my experiences have involved. I cannot undertake even to begin such a process in the course of a brief sketch for the MIRROR, so instead I will just set down what seems to me the most important fact that has made a dent in my consciousness.

This is that those wise old girls that run the business are perfectly onto their job and don't need any tips from anybody. They are getting the money—and getting it in gobs—and like every-

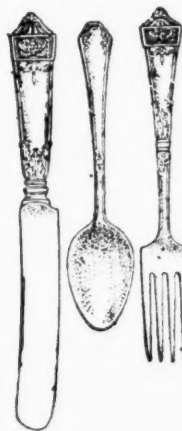
body else that is doing it, they are playing the public for suckers and making 'em like it. How the walk-around has changed in the course of a few years! Prices have gone up, up, up, and service standards haven't. The slice of bread is twice as thin as it used to be and costs double as much. So does the slice of roast beef. The piece of pie has shrunk amazingly, but the tariff has jumped from five cents to fifteen. And so on all along the line. Meanwhile the solid foods make a steadily lessening show and the frivolous ones keep monopolizing more and more of the space.

As you enter and gaze down to the half-mile post and into the home stretch, you notice two spots where there is always a terrible congestion of traffic. These are respectively the salad and pastry counters. Here is where the money is made. And educating the pub-

lic up to 'em is the chief secret of success. It is astounding to how many people minute particles of a half-dozen different fruits or vegetables, smothered with red, white and blue mayonnaise, is an irresistible dainty. The entranced gaze of the flapper—the flapper is one of the devotees of the walk-around—gravitates from the disemboweled tomato stuffed with minced apple and festooned with whipped cream to the disemboweled apple stuffed with minced tomato and floating in sauce piquante, and everything, and everybody must stop until she has gone through the agony of a choice—unless she decides to take both, which is not unusually the case. There are twenty-seven different kinds of cake and twenty-eight of pie and a hundred and one of fancy pastries, and around them the crowd surges and buzzes like flies around mo-

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"The place to take the true measure of a man is not the forum or the field, not the market place or the amen-corner, but at his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask and you may judge whether he's imp or angel, king or cur, hero or humbug. I care not what the world says of him, whether it crown him with bays or pelt him with bad eggs; I care never a copper what his reputation or putation may be; if his babes dread his home-coming and his better half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a five dollar bill, he's a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morn till he's black in the face, and howls halilulujah till he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children rush to the front gate to greet him, and love's own sunshine illumines the face of his wife when she hears his footfall, you may take it for granted that he's true gold, for his home's a heaven and the humbug never gets that near the great white Throne of God. I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole he-world than the contempt of his wife—who would rather call anger to the eyes of a King than fear to the face of a child."

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lasses. There are four kinds of ice creams and two or three of ices, and here there is another serried mass of buyers scrambling to get served. At the bread counter, however, or the meat and potato, there is never any great difficulty as being waited on.

It is amazing the way these airy nothings that I have described run into money and the infinitesimal amount of pabulum that they provide. Nor are those who buy and consume them by any means only the flappers. You may lamp a middle-aged business man with his tray heaped with knick-knacks and kick-shaws. And the water running out of his mouth as he hastens to find a place where he can get outside of them. Many an individual who would die before he would enter an ordinary eat parlor and order, in plain English, of a waiter, such a bunch of viands as he here sorts out and assimilates, goes to it at the walk-around with delirious joy. His—or even her—nerve would never support the doing of such an insane thing in the old-fashioned way. But in the new—why, it is as simple as tating!

It is all, or so I think, symptomatic of the immoderate luxury pursuit which appears to have bitten into the very vitals of present-day society and penetrated to its remotest extremities. Meanwhile it is making terrific inroads upon the pocketbook (and also the digestion) of the consumer, while the provider is reaping the profits.

The other day I found myself seated inside the walk-around at the same table with a fair young thing and her companion, evidently down town on a shopping tour. Removing the dishes which composed her luncheon from her tray she disposed them before her with a world-weary air and then said to an equally fair companion:

"My dear, I have the most terrific headache! Simply splitting!"

"Whatever is the matter?"

"Well, you know, I was late getting started this morning and so I didn't take time to eat any breakfast. I just took a sip of coffee and then flew. And now my head is splitting, simply splitting. So I'm going to eat a very light lunch, something that is very light, for I really don't want a thing."

Here is what she had selected:

Item:—one large dish of fancy salad, composed of the Lord knows what and what not and smothered with mayonnaise of a lovely pink complexion. Item:—one large piece of layer cake with thick frosting. Item:—one sour pickle. Item:—one dish of preserved figs with a pyramid of whipped cream superimposed thereupon.

In my mind's eye I figured to myself the condition of the fair one's physical organization after she had gotten away with this array of indigestibles and the probable amount of the doctor's bill when the fracas was over.

One of the favorite comestibles of the walk-arounders is pie a-la-mode. Who discovered pie a-la-mode? At any rate it was an epochal event. In the dead days of old time, anybody who had either pie or ice cream for dessert at luncheon was wont to smack their lips. And either it would seem should suffice any normal being. But along came the

inventor of the á-la-modé combination—and the morning stars of the restaurant business sang together and clapped their hands for joy. Pie alone costs fifteen cents at the walk-around. Ice cream costs ten. Pie á-la-modé costs twenty-five—and he, or she, who don't take her'n or his'n á-la-modé is today distinctly not á-la-modé. Another of the new wrinkles is the addition of whipped cream to anything and everything. A teaspoon of it costs a nickel, a tablespoon a dime, and a girl is kept busy ladling it out over everything from roast beef to pretzels in order to satisfy the panting appetite of everybody to lick it up upon some excuse or other.

In this way the takings of the walk-around grow and grow. A few years ago the average check that was cashed in one was for from twenty to twenty-five cents. One for fifty was a wonder. But now, beginning stenographers and bundle boys serenely stack up from sixty to seventy-five cents' worth of airy nothings on their trays and then, as they pass out, indulge in a "chaser" from the confections and cigarettes which are massed on either flank of the cashier.

The walk-around, whose motto is "Get the money," has one admirable feature which farther recommends it to all persons of taste. It sports no orchestra, victrola or pianola. The sound and fury of the embattled hosts that charge around it would drown out any music but that of a calliope and so the frequenters are spared any such infliction. There is, however, a species of intermezzo rendered with more or less continuity that always makes a hit. That is when some victorious bearer of a loaded tray in the attempt to negotiate the steep stairway that leads to the mezzanine floor, makes a misstep and comes hurtling down in a magnificent crescendo of crockery and comestibles. It is a sight and a sound that never palls upon the regular clientèle and of a particularly pleasing effect upon the casual visitor. It is not down on the program, but if you don't get it you have a right to complain and the management no legitimate excuse for not discounting your check. As for me, veteran that I am, I own that it still produces a certain thrill that I get nowhere else, that this, perhaps, is one of the greatest allures of these places.

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It was the usual type of holiday train—very slow if not very sure. The passengers grew more and more impatient and when the train once more halted at a station a couple of youthful heads were thrust out of adjacent windows and a voice exclaimed ecstatically, "Come on, Jack, let's get out and pick a few flowers." "Put that head in," said the harassed guard as he passed. "There aint no flowers 'ere." "That's all right," was the cheerful reply "I've got a packet of seeds in my pocket."

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A very old man was accosted in the village street by a stranger, who said: "Excuse me, but you must be a great age?" "Yes," responded the old gentleman, "I be gettin' on for ninety-five." "And have you lived here all your life?" asked the stranger. "No, not yet," was the reply.

## Some Sonnets

By Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph. D

I

TO JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

Devoted offshoot of a worthy sire,  
When I consider how from boyhood's days

You have pursued your duty and the ways  
Of virtue, free from wine and low desire;

And now in manhood's prime, still climbing higher,  
You would unite the churches, and upraise

The Christian state; my heart is filled with praise  
Like to a vessel filled with holy fire.

Strong sons of God: Your father, likewise you  
Who cleaned the land up of the rum saloon,

And now devote your earnings, that even soon  
Sin, unbelief may vanish from our view,

And law and order sing in perfect tune—  
This tribute take from me for that you do.

II

TO WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Behold! What God has joined let no man rend  
Asunder, it is written. Even though

With zeal you fought the Oil King long ago,  
Now you are joined in duty friend to friend,

And voice of you is raised, and does not end  
Its admonition to the base and low

To come before the mercy seat and bow,  
And crooked ways, of darkness duly mend;

Whilst he who was your foe, as you were his,  
Pours forth the needful gold to arm your creed

Of rulership of churches, sowing seed  
Of moral dominance and righteousness.

So is the will of heaven for us freed  
Our country to redeem and richly bless.

III

TO GOVERNOR EDWARDS

What Prince of Evil fires your courage, who  
Scoff at our constitution, laws and eke

Would put your will instead of them who seek  
Indulgence for the mob of maddening brew.

Have not the people spoken? And would you  
Throw down what they have builded or make weak?

Or turn their lusts toward the pagan Greek,  
Who perished when St. Paul made all things new?

The sin be on your hands if you persist  
In this unholy work! Our curses even

Fall on your head, unwept and unfor-given.  
Before divine wrath overtakes you, list!

You shall have hate of men and scourge of heaven!

IV

TO A. MITCHELL PALMER

When you restrained the ranter and the red,

And proved that license is not liberty,  
Your countrymen gave faith to you in fee,

And placed the laurel wreath upon your head.  
Brave heart and lofty mind which quickly sped

Toward our country's honor, harmony.  
But when a stronger law, and fealty

To make it stronger were in need, you fled  
Behind the vain excuses that the law

Proposed went farther than the Constitution  
Gave warrant for. Oh, what a prostitution

Of patriotism! Now the veil we draw  
Across your face till history's restitution

Shall make us see it, as we lately saw!

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## Letters from the People

Mr. Lawson Purdy Sets Us Right

New York City, March 17, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Your editorial on stock dividends stirred me up. I have not seen the opinion of the dissenting judges, but am sure it must be legalistic rather than economic. I am not now concerned with the power of Congress. It has ample power to do a lot of things worse than calling that a "dividend" which is really giving me five white chips for my red chip.

I am wondering whether you really meant what you said and take the risk of giving you an illustration, which probably you know just as well as I.

Twenty years ago I incorporated a company to hold certain real estate then owned by three persons in common. For various reasons I thought it wise to have a small nominal capital stock. If the capital stock were large we might have reduced slightly the tax to be paid to the state for the privilege of doing business as a corporation, but as the tax is computed on the basis of dividends, if they are over 6 per cent, it was simpler to have a small capital stock. We were sure to pay full tax but did not have bother with appraisals.

The property was worth about \$270,000 and the corporation has a capital stock of \$2,700,—270 shares, \$10 each. We regarded the shares as worth \$1,000 each. Today the property is worth about the same. We pay dividends regularly of 100 per cent every three months, or 400 per cent a year.

Suppose, for convenience of division, we reduced the par value to \$1 a share, each person would have ten times as many shares, worth \$100 each. This would not be a stock dividend.

Suppose we increased the capital stock to \$27,000 and issued new stock ten for one to each stockholder. That would be a stock dividend of 900 per cent. The new shares would have value, but no stockholder would have a cent's worth more than before. Instead of paying 400 per cent a year we would pay 40 per cent.

It may be true that under Federal income tax a large individual capital stock is better than a small one, but if so, the fault is with Congress, which thinks five white chips are worth more than one red one.

LAWSON PURDY.

# Save Money on Your Long Distance Calls

**EVERY DAY**, thousands of long-distance calls are made by patrons who wish to talk to **ANYONE** at a distant telephone. Many times these are calls for business houses; many times they are for residences.

**THESE** are "station-to-station" calls.

"**STATION-TO-STATION**" calls are completed more quickly and at less expense than where it is necessary for the Telephone Company to locate a particular person, and therefore the rate to the patron is lower.

**MANY** subscribers are taking advantage of this speedy and less expensive service and many others, by studying their requirements, can save money by using it.

**YOU**, undoubtedly, have occasions when all you really need is to talk to **ANYONE** who may be at a certain place of business or at a certain residence.

**STUDY** your requirements, and whenever possible use "station-to-station" service. The rate for this service is about 20% lower than the "person-to-person" service.

To place a "station-to-station" call reach the long-distance operator in the usual way and say—"I wish to talk to **ANYONE** at Main 678, Chicago," or—if you don't know the telephone number, say—"I wish to talk to **ANYONE** at James Smith's residence on 'A' Street, Chicago."

**WHEN YOU DO THIS YOU WILL SAVE  
TIME AND MONEY**



## Southwestern Bell Telephone Co.

### The Fussy-Wussies

Fairhope, Ala., March 18th, 1920.  
*Editor of Reedy's Mirror:*

Liberal writers attribute the present tomfoolery of man hunting, chasing radicals and restrictions of human rights generally as due to popular hysteria induced by nervous tension of the war times. It seems to me this analysis is not correct. It touches the surface phenomena only. The cause is deeper.

We have always with us in this country a large contingent of more or less cranky and fanatical characters incapable of clear and sustained thinking beyond a narrow path, to whom nothing will do for the world that does not agree with their own small notions. Their activity is largely the result of that comparatively great freedom here which is so often mistaken for the liberty to do unto others anything you will, if you can. Under ordinary tranquil conditions this element is largely, though never wholly, suppressed by the more rational and steady-going part of the population. But during the war the energies of the latter were otherwise employed and the cranks and fussy-wussies allowed to have their run; in fact, were made use of wherever possible, and thus they got a good start on themselves. After the war the people, tired and apathetic to a degree, found new problems to busy their minds with, and the busybodies were still left without the usual restraint. This, I think, comes nearer to a psychological explanation of the extraordinary and ludicrous performances we have lately witnessed and which are still going on, though with less trumpeting. Just as soon as intelligent and rational people rouse themselves to normal activity the disorders will be speedily suppressed.

S. TIDEMAN.

### Yea, a Daniel

Denver, Colo., March 20th, 1920.

*Editor of Reedy's Mirror:*

A reply to all of Mr. Keifer's "Defense of Interest" (MIRROR, March 11), would take too long, but there are two statements that ought not to go unchallenged.

(1) "Whether interest is right or wrong has nothing whatever to do with money, for interest is seldom paid for the use of money, but for use of capital."

This is a theoretical technical distinction that, practically, is not a difference at all. Whatever money, or capital, or interest ought to be, or, technically speaking, are, the fact is that the government at Washington made money capital when it chartered the national banks and thereby arranged it so that the "medium of exchange" could reach the people only by going through the bankers' toll gate—in other words, by being borrowed and having interest paid on it.

In view of these facts the financiers do not agree with Mr. Keifer's statement (2nd) that "there's more important business than debating the money question;" and for just once, I side with the financiers, with this difference: The debate on the money question is so important to them that they have given millions to stifle it. (I encourage it.) A fact like that would seem important



# Who Wrote "The Three Guardsmen?"

By Brander Matthews

From The New York Times Review of Books

to some, but an ordinary single taxpayer keeps his eyes on the ground as the Lord made it, to the exclusion of all modern changes. (I thought I had seen reason to expect better things of our Daniel, but alas for human hopes.) He never sees that, while it is true that land is the treasure house from which all wealth comes and while there was a primitive time in which labor was the key to that storehouse, it is not so since modern machinery came in. The Federal Reserve Banking Act is the nearest key yet; probably no better will ever be made.

CELIA BALDWIN.

## A State Religion

Los Angeles, Cal., March 19th.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Answering Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D.: the government cannot be put in the hands of one man. The government is not in the hands of the President; rather in Congress and the legislatures. Mr. Chubb must be a monarchist.

His suggestion cannot be considered because any proposal to connect Christianity with our government is illegal and highly improper. "Congress shall make no law" concerning religion.

Mr. C. wrongly assumes that an official should find all his rules of action in "the inspired word of God." No one ever produced the slightest evidence that the Bible is the word of God.

Reference to God cannot be found in our Constitution. This was not by oversight; the matter was deliberately voted out. The result has been the good of all churches. To make the Bible our rule of law would be a revolution.

Any attempt to form a theocracy would cause confusion and strife of creeds.

Mr. Chubb will not debate this matter. All his kind depend on suggestion and repetition to carry their point.

C. F. HUNT.

## Lions in the Path

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

A long line of Irish ancestors, most of whom probably "agin the Government," has inoculated me with that hatred of suppression in any form that now makes me lend willing ear to the "Forty-eighters."

But I cannot help remarking that with all their fine talk, borrowed mostly from the Socialists (where even Roosevelt went when the Progressives needed a real idea), there is little said about the chances for success in the political field, except as an "also ran."

Not that I mind so much a losing fight, for I am a veteran, first of the battles for the "Peerless" Bryan, and later for the Fearless Debs; not that I love my ideals less, but that I want some things here and now more. Of course, as Debs puts it, "it is better to vote for what you want even if you don't get it than to vote for what you don't want and get plenty of it;" and so I would vote for progress anyway. But that is not the kind of recruits you want. You want a whole-hearted belief in success, and work that will count at the polls. And you want to show that there is a chance of success. Show how you will overcome the handicap of the lack of a daily press, and the lack of a fat campaign fund—and last but not least, Republicans and Democrats "un-counting" your votes.

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Alexandre Dumas et Auguste Maquet, Par Gustave Simon. Documents inédits, portraits et facsimilés. Paris: George Cres et Cie. 1919. Three francs and a half. 204 pp.

ALEXANDER DUMAS won his first fame in France as a playwright; he was a valiant leader of the Romanticist Revolt, his "Henri III" was produced at the Théâtre Français a full year before the trumpet of "Hernani" caused the hollow walls of Classicism to fall with a crash. "Henri III" withstood the ordeal of fire before the footlights in 1829; and Dumas wrote many more plays in the following forty years. He died in 1870, just half a century ago, in the dark days of French defeat after Sedan and the siege of Paris. His dramatic works fill twenty-five volumes in the convenient edition of Calmann-Lévy. He had the untiring industry and the inexhaustible fecundity of Lope de Vega. He must be classified as a playwright of marvelous dexterity rather than as a great dramatist; but he was a born playwright with an instinctive understanding of story and situation, with an extraordinary deftness of execution and an intuitive felicity of those who seek to spy out the secrets of the stage. He was a master playwright even if we feel that the filial piety of his son overpraised him, when it declared him to be "the master of the modern drama," unrivalled in "tragedy, historical drama, the drama of manners and the comedy of anecdote."

But comparatively few of the plays of Dumas, many as they were and varied in theme and in method, ever established themselves solidly in the theatres of other countries than France, and even in France they are now fading into innocuous desuetude. The fame of Dumas, the playwright, has faded before the fame of Dumas, the story teller; and outside of France Dumas is known not as the author of "Henry III," but as the author of the "Three Guardsmen" and of "Monte Cristo." And it is not a little curious that, although these entrancing tales are still widely read in France, they are more highly esteemed by critics writing English than they are by critics writing French. To the French themselves Dumas is not an important novelist; to the English he is, if we may accept the testimony of Thackeray, in his Roundabout Paper "On a Peal of Bells," of Stevenson in his "Gossip on a Novel of Dumas," and of Andrew Lang in the illuminating paper which he set in the forefront of his "Little Essays."

Now comes into court M. Gustave Simon with the bold assertion that Dumas was not the real author of "The Three Guardsmen" and two sequels. According to M. Simon, the real author of this series of stories was Auguste Maquet, and all that M. Simon is willing

to credit Dumas with is an editing and an amplification of the original manuscripts of Maquet. The accusation is not new; and the plagiarisms and borrowings and concealed collaborations of Dumas have been denounced by Mirecourt, whose malignant gossip was afterward accepted as gospel by Percy Fitzgerald in his misbegotten biography of Dumas. But M. Simon stands on securer ground than any of his predecessors. He has been supplied with documents of all sorts by one of the heirs of Maquet. He is thus enabled to make out a far better case than was possible for any of his predecessors. And it is to be noted in his favor that, while he is ardently pleading the cause of Maquet, he does not find it necessary to vilify Dumas.

Before considering the new evidence now offered by M. Simon it is only fair to admit that Dumas does not come into court with clean hands. He was a self-confessed plagiarist, unblushingly helping himself with both hands to anything that took his fancy or that he could turn to account, no matter where he happened on it, in French or in any French translation from any foreign tongue. He had no hesitation in acknowledging his "sources," as the Shakespearean scholars term them; indeed, when he was talking about himself, which was a favorite employment of his pen, he delighted in telling where he had found this or that situation, which he had borrowed and bettered. He made no secret of any of his literary deceptions; he saw no reason why he should not be perfectly frank. He used to say, "I do not steal—I conquer!" He put his single name to plays which he had written with collaborators who remained unavowed. But then on occasion—perhaps to evade the host of creditors by whom he was ever encompassed about—he did not sign plays in which he was a collaborator, and forty years ago, when I was engaged on the chapter on him in my "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century," I tracked down four or five pieces of which he was indubitably part author, which he did not sign, and which for some reason have not even yet been included in his dramatic works. What is more heinous, he signed books of which he had not written a word—volumes of travel in countries which he had never visited. These facts are more or less notorious, and they may tend to lead many readers of M. Simon's requisitory to accept his sweeping denial of Dumas' authorship of the series of romances by which his reputation is now most solidly buttressed.

Perhaps it may be well also to note that August Maquet was not a negligible personality. He was a trained historical investigator. He wrote alone a certain number of novels and plays, from one of which, the "Château de Granier," Charles Reade derived the plot of his "White Lies," while from another, the "Maison du Baigneur," comes the incident of the fatal bedstead,

the top of which can be screwed down to smother the unfortunate traveler who happens to be sleeping in it—an incident borrowed long ago by Wilkie Collins in a short story called "A Terrible Night," and utilized more recently and more effectively by Mr. Joseph Conrad in one of his briefer tales. Maquet was ingenious, inventive and skillful, and he was held in such high esteem by his fellow craftsmen that they repeatedly elected him President of the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers, perhaps the most dignified, as it is the most powerful trade union in the world.

Now let us see what the evidence is that M. Gustave Simon had to produce, fifty years after the death of Dumas and thirty years after the death of Maquet. The documents printed—letters, pleadings in court, fragments of original MSS.—establish beyond question the joint authorship of the several series of novels to which Dumas put only his own name, ignoring the share which Maquet had had in their composition. But this was already well known, and it had been declared again and again by Dumas himself, most emphatically, in the open letter which he addressed in 1845 to the Society of Authors, in answer to the malicious assault of Mirecourt. This letter M. Simon prints in full, and he also records that Mirecourt (whose real name was Jacquot) was condemned to a fortnight's imprisonment for libel.

There are many different methods of collaboration, depending always upon the respective qualities and the varying character of the two partners. From Maquet's statements and from the many notes of Dumas to Maquet, now for the first time published, it is not difficult to declare the method adopted in the joint composition of these general series of stories. One or the other of them found a subject; they talked it over; Maquet made researches and worked out a plan; Dumas made suggestions from time to time; Maquet drafted the story, and Dumas rewrote it, modifying it as he did so. The MSS. always went to the printer in the handwriting of Dumas, but on occasion, when there was a sudden emergency, or when one of the daily installments was mislaid, Maquet provided the MSS.

This had not been their method at the beginning of their partnership. M. Simon prints (p. 25) a note of Maquet's to the effect that his first attempt at novel writing, which he called "Le Bonhomme Burat," and which was a single volume story, was taken by Dumas and rewritten in four volumes under the title of the "Chevalier d'Harmental." But the D'Artagnan, Monte Cristo, Chicot, Cagliostro serials were not written in this fashion; they were plotted by both of the collaborators in intimate conversation, as M. Simon proves by printing the letters which Dumas was constantly sending to Maquet making appointments for long consultations.

M. Simon does not seem to see it, but

all this evidence which he has here amassed to prove that Dumas and Maquet were joint authors of "The Three Guardsmen" is directly contrary to his contention that Maquet is to be accepted if not as its sole author at least as its chief author. M. Simon's own words (p. 200) are, "here is the proof that the 'Three Guardsmen' was conceived, planned and written by Auguste Maquet." The "proof" consists of the statement by Maquet himself that he was the writer of the earlier part of the story. But this statement, made in a letter to Paul Lacroix (p. 200), is not quite in accord with other statements of

his that he and Dumas had planned the work together. What seems to be clear is, first, that Maquet happened on the "Memoirs of D'Artagnan" and that he saw at once the possibility of making out of it an elaborate historical romance; second, that Maquet may have started the story before consulting Dumas; third, that the story as it stands was planned by both, drafted by Maquet and rewritten by Dumas.

M. Simon holds that this rewriting by Dumas did not amount to much more than the copying of what Maquet had written; and he supports this by printing in parallel columns a long passage

from the end of the "Three Guardsmen" from Maquet's manuscript (which chanced to return to his possession) and from Dumas' printed text. He points out that the two versions are almost identical. This is true enough—but they are not quite identical, and the changes made by Dumas are significant and important improvements due to his dramatic instinct and to his unerring sense of effect. M. Simon sees Dumas only as a corrector or editor of Maquet's manuscript, and therefore he insists that Maquet is the real author.

Now, anybody who has had any personal experience in collaboration knows

that the testimony of the manuscript is absolutely valueless as a test of authorship. The best things in the parts of a book written by one of the collaborators may have been suggested by the other. In fact, if the collaboration has been truly a chemical union and not a pure mechanical mixture, the partners themselves are often uncertain which of them it was who deserves the credit for any particular point. It is known that in the Eckmann-Chatrian stories one of the partners did the inventing and the plotting and the other did the actual writing. It is believed that in the novels of Walter Besant and James Rice—of which "Ready-Money Mortiboy" was the first—all the writing was done by Besant.

As it happens, the present reviewer has been a collaborator at least half a dozen times, and he has edited books and written both stories and plays in association with one or another of his friends. He can recall the composition of a little tale called "One Story Is Good Until Another Is Told," in which a rather complicated series of situations is narrated from two antagonistic points of view. This series of situations was carefully worked out by him in consultation with his associate, the late George H. Jessop. Then he wrote the first of the two narratives and Jessop wrote the second. But since the invention, the plotting and the characters had been devised by both of them, working together, he was no more the "author" of the first part than Jessop was of the second. So in the Dumas-Maquet "Three Guardsmen," Dumas may have been, and probably was, responsible for many of the best things in the manuscript which survives in Maquet's handwriting. So it is that the evidence upon which M. Simon lays the most stress must be ruled out.

Nevertheless, the result of the reading of M. Simon's little volume is to raise the opinion in which the present reviewer had previously held Maquet's share in the Dumas stories. As Maquet had found the "Memoirs of d'Artagnan," and had perhaps begun the "Three Guardsmen" before joining with Dumas to continue it, so Dumas had begun "Monte Cristo" before taking Maquet into partnership, and we have now a statement of Maquet's informing us as to the vital improvements suggested by him when Dumas took him into confidence—suggestions which Dumas immediately accepted, perceiving at once their value. It is thus evident that Maquet was more than a mere assistant; he was an associate on almost equal terms; he was a full partner—even if his name was not included in the firm.

With M. Simon's book before him, Thackeray would not have dismissed Maquet—whom he does not name—quite as cavalierly as he does in the "Roundabout Paper" entitled "On a Peal of Bells."

They say that all the works bearing Dumas' name are not written by him. Well? Does not the chief cook have aides under him? Did not Rubens' pupils paint on his canvases? Had not Lawrence assistants for his backgrounds? For myself, being also *du métier*, I confess I would often like to

*With All Nature Pulling on Wondrous Springtime Raiment, Milady of Fashion Naturally Does Likewise. And for Authentic Modes in Greatest Variety She Comes to*

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Winter gloom has passed. Spring is here and with Easter less than two weeks away it is high time for madame to have her Easter gown in readiness. Choosing is a pleasure here now, with assortments at the very flower of beauty and fullness. Come in and see how well prepared we are to serve you.

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Individual, distinctive, chic—surely frocks were never so lovely as these. Bouffant taffetas are shown in charming variety. Straight line models of crepe meteor, satin, Georgette, plain and printed chiffons. And tailored models, too, of serge, tricotine, Poiret twill, etc., trimmed in new ways of loveliness. Prices \$59.75 to \$350.

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In beauty of line, in fit, finish, quality of fabrics—in all that goes to make up a high-grade custom tailored suit, these will satisfy the most critical. Embroidered models in semi-tailored belted and box coat effects, and the dressier Eton, Bolero and Toreador styles will attract many admirers. Prices \$75 to \$275.

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Styles are extremely varied and becoming. For the "Younger Set" there are sports models of youthful beauty. For the more conservative there are longer coats and wraps of handsome Bolivia, Evora, Duvetyn, Silvertone, Tricotine, Camels hair, etc., at \$75 to \$275.

Third Floor

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have a competent, respectable and rapid clerk for the business part of my novels, and on his arrival at 11 o'clock would say: "Mr. Jones, if you please, the archbishop must die this morning in about five pages. Turn to the article 'Dropsy' (or what you will) in the encyclopedia. Take care there are no medical blunders in his death. Group his daughters, physicians and chaplains round him. In Wales' 'London' letter B, third shelf, you will find an account of Lambeth and some points of the place. Color in with local coloring. The daughter will come down and speak to her lover in his wherry at Lambeth Stairs," &c. Jones (an intelligent young man) examines the medical, historical, topographical books necessary; his chief points out to him in Jeremy Taylor (fol. London, MDCLV.) a few remarks such as might befit a dear old archbishop departing this life. When I come back to dress for dinner the archbishop is dead on my table in five pages, medicine, topography, theology all right and Jones has gone home to his family some hours. Sir Christopher is the architect of St. Paul's. He has not laid the stones or carried up the mortar. There is a great deal of carpenter's and joiner's work in novels which surely a smart professional hand might supply.

Maquet was a "smart professional hand," no doubt; but we can now see that he was much more than that; he was a trusted assistant in the office of the architect, an assistant who was held competent to mass plans and to design elevations. To admit this is not to deny that Dumas himself was the man of far greater gift, the Sir Christopher Wren, to whom we must always credit St. Paul's. It is ever the monument of Alexander the Great that we see when we look around in "The Three Guardsmen," and "Monte Cristo," and the rest of them.

## Books of the Day

By Lillian Cassels

"Snow," a four-act play written by Stanislaw Przybyszewski (English version by O. F. Theis), is a powerful if somewhat over-naturalistic piece of analytic writing.

The torment of longing for something no one of the characters can have is the theme of the play. There are but four of these characters—two brothers, the wife of one, and another woman. These four are shut in a Polish castle while the country is wrapped in a snow storm of terrible severity. And the madness with which they proceed to wreck their lives—wholly without cause or reason, other than the wild reasons that spring to exotic life in souls under the stress of some such unnatural environment—is powerfully pictured by the author.

The story is half-symbolism, half savage realism. It is of such wondrously delicate delineation, such clear intensity of understanding, its charm is beyond question. But the tragedy it wraps around the lives of its people is fantastic and visionary—a tragedy of imaginings and of grotesque unnaturalness; of groping for something beyond attainment and beyond reasonable desire, and of ruthless blindness to the

beauty that lay close at hand dying for want of recognition.

The intensity of the Polish temperament is strikingly portrayed in this work of one of Poland's foremost writers. As a play, it shines brilliantly, and offers splendid opportunities for emotional interpretation. (Nicholas L. Brown.)

Under the California redwoods—the oldest living things in the world today—Mary Austen has been sitting dreaming of life as it might be, taken back to a day when the intricacies of civilization were unknown.

The novel which her dreams have builded, "Outland," peoples the forest with a race of woodfolk of eerie powers and charming qualities. They have a social organization of novel simplicity; they live so close to the soul of things they need no law other than the universal law which demands righteousness and justice, and this law they understand and obey, without much leadership. They are mythical yet real, they are the spirits of the rain, the wind, the forest streams, the mist and the waterfall and the ocean spray and the sunshine.

Mona, a young woman who is desired in marriage by Herman, a young professor of sociology, "because," he tells her, "they are both far and away above the disturbance of passion incidental to temperamental matings, and therefore such a marriage will leave her free to her desired occupation of making books," feels a rebellious dissatisfaction with Herman's form of wooing.

"With all this understanding," she tells herself, "Herman has the academic notion literature can be produced by taking pains instead of having them."

Mona wanders into the redwood forest and because of her keen vision she sees the outliers—usually invisible to civilized folks. She is captured and kept with them through a season of natural living. Herman in seeking her is likewise captured, and together the young people learn many things their studies of sociology have failed to teach them.

It is an alluring, teasing, tantalizing sort of book, making one wish there could be redwoods everywhere—if redwoods instill such charming fancies into the minds of people who wander beneath them. (Boni and Liveright.)

Jack London, literary go-devil of the West Coast and the Southwest seas, speaks livingly through seven short stories published under the title "On the Makaloa Mat." In these there are pictured a diversity of phases of Hawaiian life.

"When Alice Told Her Soul" is a delightful satire on religion as it is made by the revivalist. Abel Ah Yo, one-fourth Portuguese, one-fourth Scotch, one-fourth Hawaiian, one-fourth Chinese, London compares with Billy Sunday, all to the derogation of the amiable Billy; for he said "the Pentecostal fire Abel Ah Yo flamed forth was hotter and more variegated than could any one of the four races in him alone have flamed forth."

Alice had been mistress, during fifty years preceding Abel's revival meetings, of certain revels where wine flowed freely, hula girls danced the same way,

and woozled tongues inclined to follow suit. Therefore, when it became known about town that Alice was trembling on the verge of conversion, the revival meetings became suddenly popular with wealth and fashion; and during the weeks when Abel wrestled with Alice's innate sense of honor for possession of her soul, men joked hollowly with each other as to Alice's chances of salvation. But Alice, a rock of discretion until she met the wily Abel, yielded at last to his power; and the story races along, sweeping conventions before it in London's own inimitable way.

The yarns are all of the stinging-singing Jack London type; of love that is love, whole-hearted and hot; of life that flows quick and high-flavored on the warm Pacific sands. (The Macmillan Company.)

Jerome K. Jerome, following his "Passing of the Third Floor Back," has written another of his brilliantly lovable stories about good people in "All Roads Lead to Calvary." I say "good" people advisedly—for to Jerome all people are good. He shows an unusual tolerance for the faults of his characters, and this book leaves one with the feeling that there is no such thing as deliberate wickedness.

In Christianity Jerome finds expression for his ideal of the truth, and this truth he makes big enough to take in a world of people—English, Russ, German, French, Italian, Conscientious Objectors, and all—and kind enough to conceive their impulses and desires to be pretty much alike. Written in the year that followed the war in which England suffered so deeply, this work of an English author is singularly free from any tinge of bitterness or of war-engendered hatred; this, too, in spite of the horrors Joan Alkway, the heroine, encounters when she goes to "do her bit" at the front.

Joan, plunged from school into the thick of things, finds the sorry old world has been waiting many generations for her to teach it how to become more fit for human habitation. She casts in her lot with the journalists, and is introduced to the owner of a string of sensational papers. "Carleton," she is told, "will use you for his beastly sordid ends. He'd have roped in John the Baptist if he'd been running the Jerusalem Star at the moment, and have given him a column for so long as the boom lasted. What's that matter, if he's willing to give you a start?"

So Joan starts on her pathetic mission of teaching the world to be happy. She wasn't out for anything crazy. She wanted only those things done that could be done if people would but lift their eyes, look into one another's faces, see the wrong and the injustice that was around them—

Fortunately, Joan was beautiful. So her sensational editor made it a stipulation, in giving her a column, that her photograph head the space. His argument was bold:

"Let them see you! You say you want soldiers. Throw off your veil and call for them Your namesake of France; do you think if she had contented herself with writing stirring appeals that Orleans would have fallen? She put on a becoming suit of armour

and got upon a horse where everyone could see her. Chivalry isn't dead! You modern women are ashamed of yourselves—ashamed of your sex. You don't give it a chance. Revive it. Stir the young men's blood. Their souls will follow."

"Yes, he's right," another editor commented. "It was the Virgin above the altar that popularized Christianity. Her face has always been a woman's fortune."

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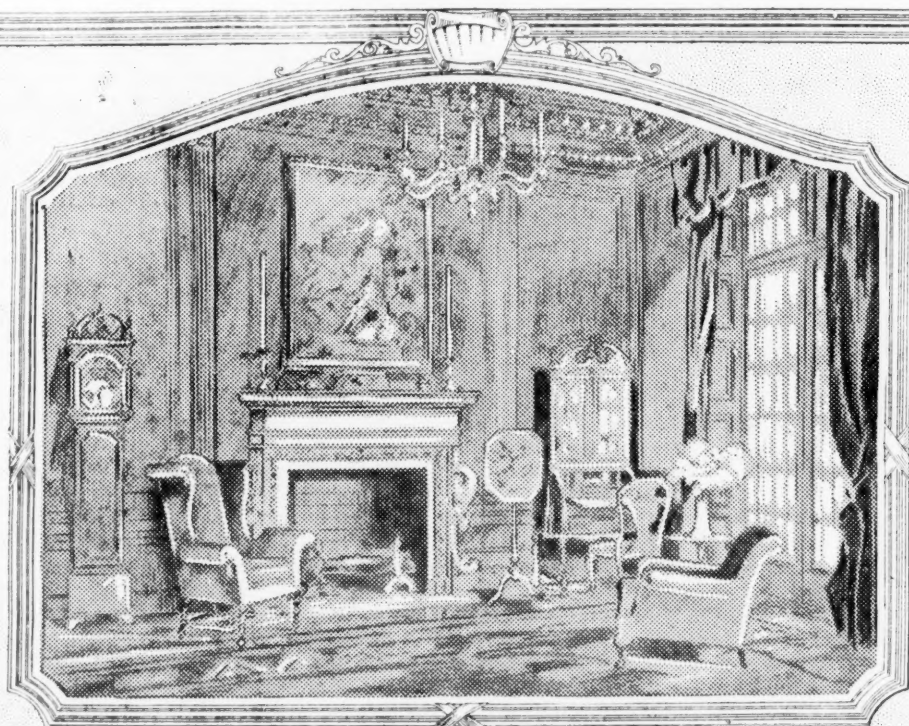
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GRAND LEADER



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One of the results of putting wonder above awe is that the romanticists unduly praise the ignorant—the savage, the peasant, and the child. Wordsworth here comes in for denunciation for having hailed a child of six as "Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!" Christ, Professor Babbitt tells us, praised the child not for its capacity for wonder but for its freedom from sin. The romanticist, on the other hand, loves the spontaneous gush of wonder. He loves daydreams, Arcadianism, fairy-tale Utopianism. He begins with an uncontrolled fancy and ends with an uncontrolled character. He tries all sorts of false gods—nature-worship, art-worship, humanitarianism, sentimentalism about animals. As regards the last of these, romanticism, according to the author, has meant the rehabilitation of the ass, and the Rousseauists are guilty of onolatry. "Medical men have given a learned name to the malady of those who neglect the members of their own family and gush over animals (zoöphil-

psychosis). But Rousseau already exhibits this 'psychosis.' He abandoned his five children one after the other, but had, we are told, an unspeakable affection for his dog." As for the worship of nature, it leads to a "wise passiveness" instead of the wise energy of knowledge and virtue, and leads man to idle in pantheistic reveries. "In Rousseau or Walt Whitman it amounts to a sort of ecstatic animality that sets up as a divine illumination." Professor Babbitt distrusts ecstasy as he distrusts Arcadianism. He perceives the mote of Arcadianism, we may say incidentally, in "the light that never was on sea or land." He has no objection to a "return to nature," if it is for purposes of recreation; he denounces it, however, when it is set up as a cult or "a substitute for philosophy and religion." He denounces, indeed, every kind of "painless substitute for genuine spiritual effort." He admires the difficult virtues, and holds that the gift of sympathy or pity of fraternity is in their absence hardly worth having.

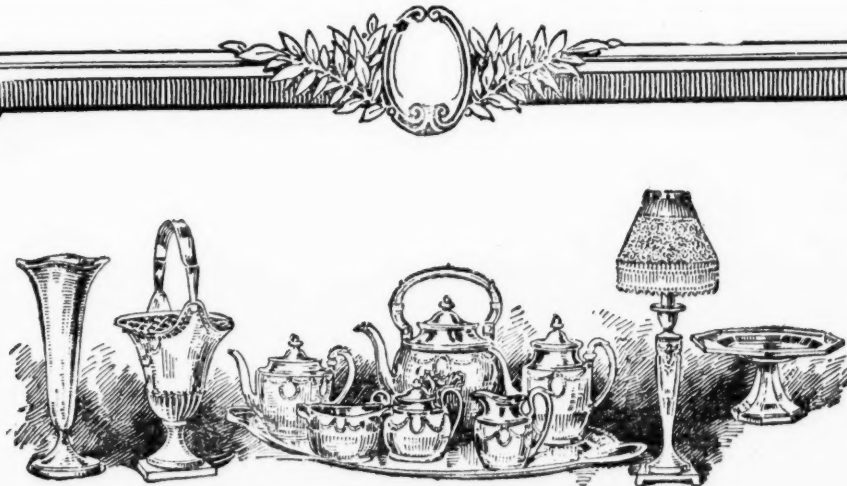
On points of this kind, we fancy, he

would have had on his side Wordsworth, Coleridge, Browning, and many of the other "Rousseauists" whom he attacks. Professor Babbitt, however, is a merciless critic, and the writers of the Nineteenth Century, who seemed to most of us veritable monsters of ethics, are to him simply false prophets of romanticism and scientific complacency. "The Nineteenth Century," he declares, "may very well prove to have been the most wonderful and the least wise of centuries." He admits the immense materialistic energy of the century, but this did not make up for the lack of a genuine philosophic insight in life and literature. Man is a morally indolent animal, and he was never more so than when he was working "with something approaching frenzy according to the natural law." Faced with the problem of a romantic spiritual sloth accompanied by a materialistic, physical, and even intellectual energy, the author warns us that "the discipline that helps a man to self-mastery is found to have a more important bearing on his happiness than the discipline that helps him

to a mastery of physical nature." He sees a peril to our civilization in our absorption in the temporal and our failure to discover that "something abiding" on which civilization must rest. He quotes Aristotle's anti-romantic saying that "most men would rather live in a disorderly than in a sober manner." He feels that in conduct, politics, and the arts, we have, as the saying is, "plumped for" the disorderly manner today.

His book is a very useful challenge to the times, though it is a dangerous book to put in the hands of anyone inclined to Conservatism. After all, romanticism was a great liberating force. It liberated men, not from decorum, but from pseudo-decorum—not from humility, but from subservience. We are ready to admit that, without humility and decorum of the true kind, liberty is only pseudo-liberty, equality only pseudo-equality, and fraternity only pseudo-fraternity. We are afraid, however, that in getting rid of the vices of romanticism Professor Babbitt would throw away the baby with the bath water.

Where professor Babbitt goes wrong,



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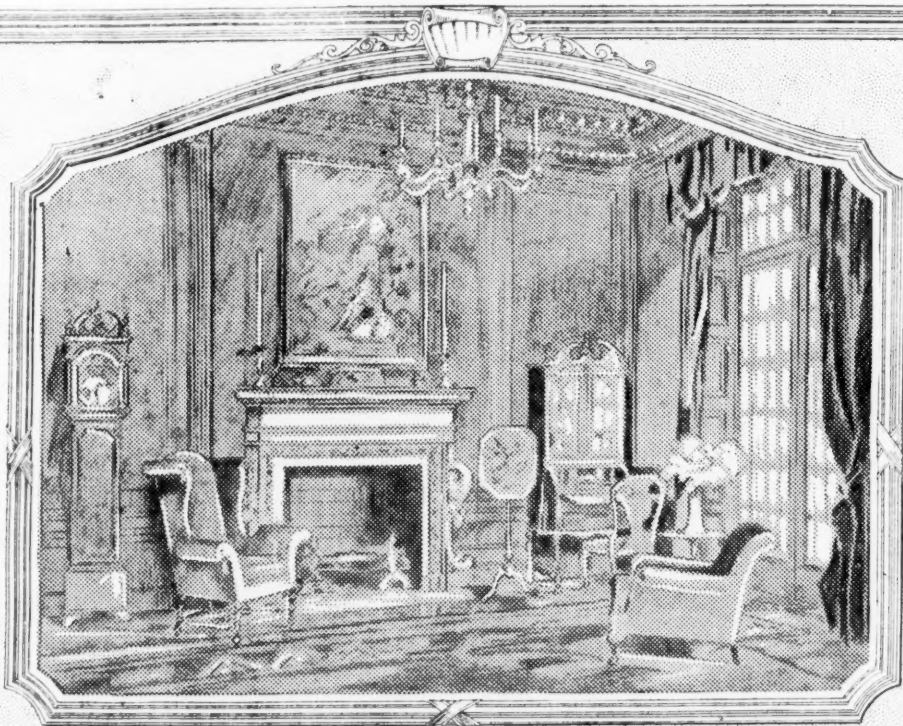
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in the material sphere, have prepared man to take the romantic and boastful view of himself. "If men had not been so heartened by scientific progress they would have been less ready, we may be sure, to listen to Rousseau when he affirmed that they were naturally good." Not that Professor Babbitt looks on us as utterly evil and worthy of damnation. He objects to the gloomy Jonathan-Edwards view, because it helps to precipitate by reaction the opposite extreme—"the boundless sycophancy of human nature from which we are now suffering." It was, perhaps, in reaction against the priests that Rousseau made the most boastful announcements of his righteousness. "Rousseau feels himself so good that he is ready, as he declares, to appear before the Almighty at the sound of the trumpet of the Last Judgment, with the book of his 'Confessions' in his hand, and there to issue a challenge to the whole human race, 'Let a single one assert to Thee if he dare: I am better than that man.'"

Rousseau would have been saved from this festian virtue, Professor Babbitt thinks, if he had accepted either the classic or the religious view of life; for the classic view imposes on human nature the discipline of decorum, while the religious view imposes the discipline of humanity. Human nature, he holds, requires the restrictions of the everlasting "No." Virtue is a struggle within iron limitations, not an easy gush of feeling. At the same time, Professor Babbitt does not offer us as a cure for our troubles the decorum of the Pharisees and the pseudo-classicists, who bid us obey outward rules instead of imitating a spirit. He wishes our men of letters to rediscover the ethical imagination of the Greeks. "True classicism," he observes, "does not rest on the observance of rules or the imitation of modes, but on an immediate insight into the universal." The romanticists, he thinks, cultivate not the awe we find in the great writers, but mere wonder. He takes Poe as a typical romanticist. "It is not easy to discover in either the personality or writings of Poe an atom of awe or reverence. On the other hand, he both experiences wonder and seeks in his art to be a pure wondersmith."

One of the results of putting wonder above awe is that the romanticists unduly praise the ignorant—the savage, the peasant, and the child. Wordsworth here comes in for denunciation for having hailed a child of six as "Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!" Christ, Professor Babbitt tells us, praised the child not for its capacity for wonder but for its freedom from sin. The romanticist, on the other hand, loves the spontaneous gush of wonder. He loves day-dreams, Arcadianism, fairy-tale Utopianism. He begins with an uncontrolled fancy and ends with an uncontrolled character. He tries all sorts of false gods—nature-worship, art-worship, humanitarianism, sentimentalism about animals. As regards the last of these, romanticism, according to the author, has meant the rehabilitation of the ass, and the Rousseauists are guilty of onolatry. "Medical men have given a learned name to the malady of those who neglect the members of their own family and gush over animals (zoöphil-

psychosis). But Rousseau already exhibits this 'psychosis.' He abandoned his five children one after the other, but had, we are told, an unspeakable affection for his dog." As for the worship of nature, it leads to a "wise passiveness" instead of the wise energy of knowledge and virtue, and leads man to idle in pantheistic reveries. "In Rousseau or Walt Whitman it amounts to a sort of ecstatic animality that sets up as a divine illumination." Professor Babbitt distrusts ecstasy as he distrusts Arcadianism. He perceives the mote of Arcadianism, we may say incidentally, in "the light that never was on sea or land." He has no objection to a "return to nature," if it is for purposes of recreation; he denounces it, however, when it is set up as a cult or "a substitute for philosophy and religion." He denounces, indeed, every kind of "painless substitute for genuine spiritual effort." He admires the difficult virtues, and holds that the gift of sympathy or pity of fraternity is in their absence hardly worth having.

On points of this kind, we fancy, he

would have had on his side Wordsworth, Coleridge, Browning, and many of the other "Rousseauists" whom he attacks. Professor Babbitt, however, is a merciless critic, and the writers of the Nineteenth Century, who seemed to most of us veritable monsters of ethics, are to him simply false prophets of romanticism and scientific complacency. "The Nineteenth Century," he declares, "may very well prove to have been the most wonderful and the least wise of centuries." He admits the immense materialistic energy of the century, but this did not make up for the lack of a genuine philosophic insight in life and literature. Man is a morally indolent animal, and he was never more so than when he was working "with something approaching frenzy according to the natural law." Faced with the problem of a romantic spiritual sloth accompanied by a materialistic, physical, and even intellectual energy, the author warns us that "the discipline that helps a man to self-mastery is found to have a more important bearing on his happiness than the discipline that helps him

to a mastery of physical nature." He sees a peril to our civilization in our absorption in the temporal and our failure to discover that "something abiding" on which civilization must rest. He quotes Aristotle's anti-romantic saying that "most men would rather live in a disorderly than in a sober manner." He feels that in conduct, politics, and the arts, we have, as the saying is, "plumped for" the disorderly manner today.

His book is a very useful challenge to the times, though it is a dangerous book to put in the hands of anyone inclined to Conservatism. After all, romanticism was a great liberating force. It liberated men, not from decorum, but from pseudo-decorum—not from humility, but from subserviency. We are ready to admit that, without humility and decorum of the true kind, liberty is only pseudo-liberty, equality only pseudo-equality, and fraternity only pseudo-fraternity. We are afraid, however, that in getting rid of the vices of romanticism Professor Babbitt would throw away the baby with the bath water.

Where professor Babbitt goes wrong,



## When the Bride and Groom Have Gone

The interest of the Guests turns to the Wedding Gifts

In the favor of those who linger to admire—in the appreciation of the bride who will soon return to treasure her tokens of love and friendship—beautiful silver has won its way through merit alone, to the front ranks of appropriate things to give.

The range in prices of Jaccard Sterling Silverware permits a very great latitude of choice.

Tea Sets .....	\$280.00 to \$525.00
Coffee Sets .....	\$ 70.00 to \$425.00
Vases .....	\$ 7.00 to \$115.00
Baskets .....	\$ 63.75 to \$159.00
Candlesticks .....	\$ 14.50 to \$ 62.50
Compotes .....	\$ 16.50 to \$155.00
Sandwich Plates .....	\$ 19.25 to \$ 80.00
Sugar and Creams .....	\$ 20.00 to \$ 39.00
Water Pitchers .....	\$ 30.00 to \$246.00

Jaccard's Silver Polish Powder, the box, 15c; Cream, the jar, 25c and 50c; Gorham Cake Polish, the cake, 25c.

**Jaccard's**  
Exclusive Jewellers  
9th & Locust

Mail orders given careful attention

# 389 Girls Disappeared from St. Louis in 1919

Think of it, St. Louisans! 389 Daughters of Mothers somewhere—left their shabby rooms and boarding houses and completely disappeared. Their names are registered at the City Hall—yes, registered **MISSING**. Why—where did they go—what happened to them? Did the river's swirling currents or the lure of the primrose path and the easier way end their losing struggle for a decent living with at least a measure of comfort in environment? No one will ever know, but this stain on our city's good name must be wiped out.

*What Are You Going to Do  
About It, Mr. St. Louisan?*

*Are You Willing to Help  
Save Just One Girl?*

There is a direct connection between these missing girls and the utter lack of housing facilities for the employed girls of St. Louis, particularly the stranger.

There is a direct responsibility on the part of St. Louis men and women for the conditions that caused these girls to disappear, for the conditions that exist today. There is a direct obligation on every St. Louisan to remedy these conditions. How?

*Y. W. C. A.-Letmar Club  
Housing Campaign  
March 22d to 27th*

Realizing, as few others can or do, the imperative necessity of sheltering the hundreds of homeless girls in St. Louis, which will be even more acute after July 1st, the Y. W. C. A. has joined with the Letmar Club in a campaign for bettering housing conditions.

Their present plans are to erect a house of their own for girls in the downtown district, which will be practically self-supporting—to reconstruct a house in the West End for the Letmar Club, which will not only be self-sustaining, but carry a sinking fund. Houses, Homes rather, where girls may live in clean, comfortable, wholesome environment at prices they'll eagerly pay.

*\$500,000 Is Required. Do Your Share, Mr. St. Louisan*

Reach cheerfully for your check book or your pocketbook and loyally pay your share—realizing that you have made an investment in future womanhood, that *your* dollars will provide a *place to live* for some working girl.

**Look these Facts  
Squarely in the Face**

Girls employed in St. Louis . . . . .	134,000
Employed girls living away from home . . . . .	27,000
Total number of beds in housing organizations, only	496

**Hundreds of Girls Are Actually in Need of Rooms  
for Which They Can and Would Eagerly Pay**

## The Y. W. C. A.

That protector of young womanhood in every city—the Young Women's Christian Association—has done its utmost, with the facilities it has to work with in St. Louis. 65,048 girls were cared for in 1919. But the lease expires July 1st on the annex in which the stranger is temporarily housed. This building, with a capacity of 150 beds, housed 3991 girls in 1919.

**WHERE WILL THESE GIRLS GO?**

THE LETMAR CLUB of St. Louis can care for only 25 at one time and turns away hundreds of girls every month. Yet 200 girls found homes there in 1919. But—with the combined efforts and capacity of the Y. W. C. A. and the LETMAR CLUB and other organizations—

*389 Girls Disappeared From St. Louis. We Must House Our Girls*

**LET US NOT HAVE ANY GIRL  
DISAPPEAR from ST. LOUIS in 1920**



# The Laugh

By Nelson Antrim Crawford

in our opinion, is in not realizing that romanticism with its emphasis on rights is a necessary counterpart to classicism with its emphasis on duties. Each of them tries to do without the other. The most notorious romantic lovers were men who failed to realize the necessity of fidelity, just as the brood of minor romantic artists today fail to realize the necessity of tradition. On the other hand, the classicist-in-excess prefers a world in which men shall preserve the decorum of servants to a world in which they shall attain to the decorum of equals. Professor Babbitt refers to the pseudo-classical drama of Seventeenth-Century France, in which men confused nobility of language with the language of nobility. He himself unfortunately is not free from similar prejudices. He is antipathetic, so far as we can see, to any movement for a better social system than we already possess. He is definitely in reaction against the whole forward movement of the last two centuries. We think he has pointed out certain flaws in the moderns, but he has failed to appreciate their virtues. Literature today is less noble than the literature of Shakespeare, partly, we think, because men have lost the "sense of sin." Without the sense of sin we cannot have the greatest tragedy. The Greeks and Shakespeare perceived the contrast between the pure and the impure, the noble and the base, as no writer perceives to today. Romanticism undoubtedly led to a confusion of moral values. On the other hand, it was a necessary counterblast to formalism. We hold that, in the great books of the world, in "Isaiah" and the Gospels, the best elements of both the classic and the romantic are found working together in harmony. If Christ were living today, is Professor Babbitt quite sure that he himself would not have censured the anthropilpsychosis of "Consider the lilies of the field?"—From the *London Nation*.

❖❖❖

With a view to letting nothing escape her vigilance, Mrs. Muggins cross examined the prospective housemaid, cook and general help all in one. "You are quite certain you know your duties thoroughly?" she said, after deciding to engage her. "You will answer the door to visitors, and wait at table, and—" "Oh, yes, mum," said Mary Jane. "I'm quite sure I will know how to go about them." Mrs. Muggins was on the point of turning away when a thought struck her, and she suddenly swung around to the girl. "Oh, by the way, do you know your way to announce?" "Well, mum," replied Mary Jane, innocently, "I'm not sure about that, but I think I know my weight to a pound or so."

❖❖❖

A New York lawyer had a rich client who was noted for her very haughty manner. One day while out in her automobile she ran over a poor old woman, and was arrested. "Oh, Mr. B., do you think you will be able to get me out of this?" she said to her lawyer. "Undoubtedly," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'll prove conclusively to the court that you've never been able to see any one worth less than \$100,000."

The laugh  
Ziggagged leeringly, stealthily, ob-  
scenely  
Across the room.

It started  
When the blue-serged Y. M. C. A. sec-  
retary  
Remarked expectantly,  
"If the boys can be got to attend the  
meetings.  
The girls will be there, too."  
(It was in the Middle West, and the  
town was Methodist.)

The minister smiled  
Patted his white tie as if it were a  
woman's hand,  
And graciously smoothed the laugh off  
to the westward.

The lean head-eyed real estate agent,  
Just married to his fourth wife,  
Expanded his nostrils, drew a deep  
breath,  
Let the laugh trickle down  
His thin brown whiskers.  
(He looked for a cuspidor, but church  
parlors don't provide the conven-  
iences.)

The tall creamy woman  
Was ashamed to laugh;  
She turned up the left corner of her  
mouth,  
Closed her eyes,  
And patted her right thigh with the flat  
of three fingers.

Two sixteen-year-old blondes in the  
front row  
Held the laugh between them,  
Kissed it simultaneously, and simultane-  
ously  
Crossed their knees  
As the Y. M. C. A. secretary looked  
downward and raised his eyebrows.

With a pin from his coat lapel  
The serious, spectacled young school  
principal  
Pricked the palm of his hand  
In rhythm with the laugh.  
The laugh tarried with him;  
It was honored by the attention.

The smooth-shaven lawyer, urbanely  
sober,  
Examined a picture postcard from his  
pocket  
As he caressed the laugh gently,  
Smoothing his cheeks  
With the thumb and forefinger  
Of one hand.

Thus the laugh ziggagged  
Leeringly, stealthily, obscenely  
Across the room.

The pot-bellied, red-faced hotelkeeper  
Saw the laugh coming.  
Dodged,  
Opened and closed his mouth twice si-

lently,  
Then said audibly,  
"I'll be damned."

The laugh died  
With a plaintive cackle—  
Its death rattle.

Again the tall creamy woman  
Was ashamed.  
She patted her right thigh quite audibly  
With the flat of three fingers.  
The lawyer laid the picture postcard  
Face down upon his lap, and folded his  
hands over it.  
The school principal reddened and put  
the pin back in his coat lapel.  
The minister brought his hands together  
With a noise like the bursting of a  
paper sack.  
The Y. M. C. A. secretary stared acidly  
at the hotelkeeper,  
Then glanced relaxedly at the pleasant  
ankles of the blondes.  
"Let us remember," he said,  
"That this is the house of God.  
I am sure that our dear Heavenly Fa-  
ther  
Wants us to enjoy ourselves in innocent  
laughter  
But he cannot hold them guiltless  
Who defile his house  
With evil words."  
Thus  
The dead laugh was buried  
With pious ceremonial.

❖❖❖

The wife of a military man advertised  
for a girl to do general housework. The  
notice was responded to by a particu-  
larly neat and competent young colored  
woman. The details were soon settled  
—number in the family, hours for meals,  
days out, no laundry, how often the  
drawing-room had to be dusted, when  
the silver had to be cleaned, etc. "What  
wages do you expect?" asked the house-  
wife. "Ah couldn't work for less 'an \$50  
a month," replied the candidate. "But,  
Mandy, that's impossible. My husband  
is only a first lieutenant, and we can't  
afford to pay such wages." "That's too  
bad," replied the maid. "But, yo' see,  
mah husband he's a lieutenant, too, and  
Ah mus' have that much to keep him  
go in."

❖❖❖

"It was midnight; he had been at a  
very jolly birthday party, and had wine,  
not wisely, but too well. He found his  
own front door with wonderful accu-  
racy, navigated the steps with precision,  
and discovered the keyhole by instinct.  
Once in the dimly-lighted hall there was  
an ominous silence, followed by a tre-  
mendous crash of breaking glass. "Why,  
what has happened, Henry?" came a  
voice from above. "It's all right, Mary,  
but I'll teach those goldfish not to snap  
at me."

❖❖❖

The city editor of a Los Angeles pa-  
per decided to trust one of the over-  
grown office boys, with journalistic am-  
bitions, with an assignment. "Go down  
to the walnut growers' meeting and get  
me a typewritten copy of the president's  
address," he told the boy. Half an hour  
later the lad returned. "Had some job,  
but here it is," and he triumphantly laid  
before the city editor a sheet on which  
was typed "138 West Adams Street."

## Coming Shows

"An angle on the triangle" which the Sel-  
wyns call Roy Cooper Megrue's highly suc-  
cessful comedy "Tea for Three," with such  
competent actors in the cast as Arthur Byron,  
Laura Hope Crews and Frederick Perry, will  
be the attraction at the Shubert-Jefferson  
Theatre next week, beginning Sunday eve-  
ning. The play ran for a year when origi-  
nally produced at Maxine Elliott's theatre in  
New York. Arthur Byron is worth seeing  
in almost any play, and the same is true  
of Miss Crews and Mr. Perry. With a good  
play and a fine supporting cast, including  
Kathryn Keyes and Albert L. Marsh, the  
St. Louis theatergoer should have joy of this  
presentation. This is the original company,  
in a highly original drama of humor and  
clean sentiment.

❖

Ruth Chatterton, most popular of the  
younger American stars before the public to-  
day, will open a week's engagement at the  
American Theatre next Monday night, in her  
newest and best comedy, "Moonlight and  
Honeysuckle", by George Scarborough, the  
author of "The Heart of Wetona", "The Son-  
Daughter", and other successful plays. That  
Miss Chatterton is under the direction of  
Henry Miller is warrant of an artistic presen-  
tation and a cast as capable as the most fas-  
tidious theatre-goer could wish. "Moonlight  
and Honeysuckle" had a long and highly suc-  
cessful run at Henry Miller's New York  
theatre. Miss Chatterton will be seen as  
*Judith Baldwin*, daughter of a breezy  
United States Senator from Arizona, who  
is quite taken with Washington life.  
*Judith's* love affairs form the basis of the play,  
in Washington today. Miss Chatterton has, in  
"Moonlight and Honeysuckle", her best play,  
and in it gives her very best performance thus  
far. Seat sale begins Thursday morning.

❖

Supreme vaudeville at the Orpheum Thea-  
tre next week will be headed by the inimit-  
able Mabel and Dora Ford, dancing delights.  
They carry on the tradition of excellence of  
the Four Fords of some years ago. They  
will be followed by Johnnie Ford and his five  
melody maids, with Bell Wood and Jappie  
Judd, in a half-hour of musical diversion.  
Owen McGeveney comes next, perhaps the  
best interpreter of Charles Dickens' charac-  
ters, presenting his conception of the six  
principal personalities of "Oliver Twist," in  
an arrangement he calls "Bill Sikes." Jack  
Wyatt's Scotch Lads and Lassies, follow in  
a colorful, tuneful and lively act in kilts.  
Walter Weems "the merry Southern humor-  
ist," George Watts with Belle Hawley, in  
"Laughs Coated with Melodies," Flo and  
Ollie Walters, attractive singers and dancers,  
and Harry Howard's Ponies complete the first  
spring week's bill, with the usual change in  
the Orpheum's exclusive Kinograms and Topics  
of the Day.

❖

Starting next Monday, the Grand Opera  
House bill for the week will have for head-  
liner "Little Caruso and Company in a vocal  
and instrumental musical act entitled "A Night  
in Venice." There is nothing little about lit-  
tle Caruso's voice. Galletti, the famous ani-  
mal trainer, with his monkeys, will present a  
riot of laughter entitled "Monkey's Day at  
the Races." An unique offering is the sub-  
marine satire, "The Cruise of the Dough-  
nut," by Brady and Mahoney. "Yesterdays",  
by Rawson and Clare, provides the required  
touch of sentiment. This will be followed by  
Bill Robinson, "the dark cloud of joy," Jack  
Lee and Lou Lawrence furnish a skit entitled  
"Milady Raffles." Other vaudeville numbers  
are Will Morris in "Tattered Talent," the  
Dohertys, "A Pair of Nonsense Dealers,"  
John Miller, the versatile, and then the Pathe  
Weekly, Chester Outing and other pictures.

❖

"The Follies of Vaudeville" feature the last  
half of the current week at the Columbia.  
They contain everything that vaudeville con-  
notes. The performance is given in a gor-  
geous dressing of both stage and performers.  
Ronair and Ward will illustrate in a comic  
sketch, "When Tommie Met Maggie." Ethel  
Conlee, a clever comedienne, follows. The  
Musical Hedges and Robert Bryan, singing  
comedienne, are other good numbers. Elsie  
Janis in "The Imp" is the feature picture, a  
Selznick production rich in dramatic variety.

❖

## Sir Oliver Lodge Comes

The distinguished scientist who lends his  
unqualified support to spiritism, Sir Oliver  
Lodge, will deliver two addresses at the Odeon  
this week under the management of Miss  
Elizabeth Cueny. On Thursday afternoon at  
3 o'clock he will speak upon "The Continuity  
of Existence." On Friday evening at 8:15  
o'clock his subject will be "The Evidence for  
Survival." Sir Oliver's appearance in this  
country, thus far, has been a continuous ova-  
tion. His treatment of his subject has caused  
a tremendous revival of interest in the prob-  
lem of the possibility or probability of com-  
munication between the living and the dead.  
Tickets, 50c to \$2.00, at Conroy's.

**Gayety Theatre** TWO SHOWS DAILY  
14th and Locust  
—THIS WEEK—  
**HIP! HIP! HOORAY!**  
NEXT WEEK—BOSTONIANS



**T**O ANSWER your question, to advise you about your problems, to put our facilities (mechanical, statistical or personal) at your disposal—these are some of the courtesies we offer anyone who cares to ask for them.

#### Mississippi Valley Trust Co.

Member Federal Reserve System  
Capital, Surplus and Profits Over \$8,000,000  
FOURTH and PINE ST. LOUIS



## Weighing the Dollar

The Thrift Family finds the present saved-dollar weighs double the dollar expended.

The dollar spent to-day, has only half the purchasing power of the dollar of yesterday.

Three per cent interest is compounded semi-annually on the dollar saved with us.

Daddy, Mother, Willie and Susie Thrift all have savings accounts.

HAVE YOU?

If not, start an account with

"THE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS"

ONE DOLLAR STARTS ONE

### Mercantile Trust Company

Member Federal Reserve System

EIGHTH AND LOCUST



U.S. Government Supervision

-TO ST. CHARLES

Capital and Surplus, \$10,000,000

## Marts and Money

Owing to lessening of the monetary tension, the bull element still is in an enterprising mood on the New York Stock Exchange. The main tendency in prices continues upward. Public participation is on the increase. Sensational jumps in the values of some highly volatile issues have their usual effects. They whet the speculative appetite, speed the crepitating of stock-tickers, and put broad smiles on the faces of brokers. Untoward factors fail of causing deterrent unsettlement. Neither the suspense concerning the peace treaty, nor the grave disorders in Germany are viewed with real uneasiness. There are words of warning, of course. They come from some leading financiers. They lay stress upon the perils of violent inflation in speculative securities at a time when deflation seems both inevitable and desirable. But they are given scant attention in Wall Street, where the opinion prevails that a long season of prosperity is ahead of us. It is argued that contraction in business and moderate declines in the prices of commodities should add largely to the available supplies of funds for investment. Besides, it is thought, the period of reaction has been discounted since last August. Be this as it may, there can be no denying that the general economic situation is steadily growing better. The totals of bank clearings are swelling in practically all parts of the nation, demand for steel products is broadening, and railroad revenues are certain to expand as a consequence of economical methods of management and the advantageous influences of keen competition. There are indications that the financial institutions are about to follow more liberal policies respecting stock market loans. The last statement of the clearing-house institutions disclosed a deficit in excess reserve, despite a \$40,000,000 shrinkage in the loan item. The call money rate has fallen to 6 and 7 per cent, however, and the deficit been promptly rectified by aid from the Federal Reserve Bank.

Wall Street's serenity of feeling was slightly perturbed by another shipment of \$10,000,000 gold to Argentina, but it is believed on trustworthy authority that the movement thither is about to draw to a close. The sum total of gold exports to South America since January 1 is placed at about \$70,000,000. On May 1, an Argentine debt of \$50,000,000 will mature and undoubtedly be refunded by New York bankers. Rumors persist that the next few months will see heavy consignments of gold from England to the United States, via Canada, and that a substantial portion thereof will go towards meeting the \$500,000,000 5 per cent Anglo-French debt falling due in October. The quotations for foreign exchanges are firmly kept at or about their previous advanced levels. Sterling demand bills are rated at \$4.83. The gain of eight cents in the past week appears to have been the result, in part, of covering of short commitments by speculators in New York and London who had been looking for a break below \$3 two months ago. The financial position of Great Britain continues to improve. The last report of the Bank of England revealed a reserve ratio of almost 25 per cent.

While the bank's discount rate is 6 per cent, the open market rate still is only 5 5-8 per cent.

The demand for railroad shares shows a little abatement; this mostly on account of profit-taking by people who are under the impression that the rise since February 1 has been too precipitous. There are no reliable signs as yet, however, that the upward movement has culminated.

In the industrial department, General Motors was the principal feature of interest lately, its quotation advancing about forty points. The top mark was 389. According to the *on-dit* of the Street, the company intends to declare a fine stock dividend. There are intimations, also, that the extraordinary bulge was partly the result of hasty covering of short contracts entered into by unlucky chaps who had been deceived by professional *agents provocateurs* employed for that purpose by unscrupulous cliques. General Motors surely is a stock with an interesting past. Last year it was down to 118½. The Crucible Steel Company is an opulent concern. Its board of directors declared a 50 per cent stock dividend almost immediately after the handing down of the decision of the Federal Supreme Court exempting such dividends from taxation. Simultaneously they declared the regularly quarterly rate of \$3 a share. This company, likewise, has a unique record on the Stock Exchange. In 1919, its common stock was as low as 52½ and as high as 261. Talk about easy money! "Thrift, Horatio, thrift!" No wonder multitudes of fellows, anxious to get something for nothing, are putting up their Liberty and Victory bonds as margin against perilous contracts in Wall Street.

Recurring to railroad stocks, it deserves mentioning that shares which up to about three months back were turned down with contemptuous smiles are now considered choice bargains. Every few days one notices scrambles for certificates worth less than \$15. The liberation of the railroad companies is working wonders. We behold an almost amusing change. It reminds of the story of the little boy who asked his sire for the meaning of the words "laughing stock." Looking up, the parent replied: "A laughing stock is the stock of a railroad run by the Government."

Despite the remarkable improvement already registered, desirable railroad shares of established merits are yet obtainable at prices netting substantial returns on the money invested. Seven to 8 per cent can be obtained in numerous cases. Railroad bonds, too, are still selling at unusually tempting prices. Investors should bear in mind that securities of this class are readily negotiable at any time.

#### Finance in St. Louis.

In the local market for securities the volume of transactions continues to expand from week to week. Quotations are firm in practically all important instances. Speculation is encouraged by the sharp rise in Eastern values. Lately, National Candy common was again in relatively brisk demand. The price, which was down to about 140 recently, is 152 at this moment. Brown Shoe common is selling at 100; it could be bought



at 65 1/4 last June. The dividend is \$7 per annum. Wagner Electric, which pays 8 per cent, is quoted at 170. Several sizable lots were sold in the last few days. The stock pays \$8 per annum. There's reason for believing that it will be quoted at 200 before long. Last year's top notch was 196.50. Local banks and trust companies report good, steadily growing business. Deposits are establishing new high records, and the multiplying applications for loans testify to gratifying business conditions in the St. Louis Federal District. For time loans the rates remain at 6 1/2 to 7 per cent.

Local Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	128	130
Nat. Bank of Commerce	144 1/2	145 1/2
First National Bank	217	218
St. Louis Union Trust	200	205
Title Guaranty Trust	72	75
United Railways com.	1 1/2	1 1/2
do pfd	6 3/4	7
Fulton Iron com	70	70 1/2
do pfd	106	106
Mo. Portland Cement	80	81
Kinloch L.-D. Tel. 5s.	90	91
K. C. Home Tel. Co. (\$500)	90	91
Indianapolis Refg.	9 3/4	9 1/2
Laclede Steel	130 3/4	130 3/4
Emerson Elec. pfd	100	100
St. L. Cotton Compress.	39	40
International Shoe com.	143	145
do pfd	107 1/2	108
Brown Shoe com.	100	100 1/2
do pfd	96 1/2	97
Scruggs com	82 1/2	87 1/2
Hed. P. Brick com.	8 3/4	9
do pfd	54 1/2	56 1/2
Best-Clymer pfd	94	94
Marland Refg.	5 1/4	5 1/2
Independent Brew. 1st pfd	9 1/2	9 1/2
do 6s	55	55
National Candy com	151	153
do 1st pfd.	105	105
do 2d pfd.	100	100
Wagner Electric	200	201
Tentor A	41	41 1/2
Tentor B	36	36 1/4

Answers to Inquiries.

OBSERVER, Mo.—(1) American Zinc common is a desirable speculation. The company's earnings will undoubtedly be very materially added to during the present year. The 6 per cent preferred dividend has been paid since August 1, 1916. There's as yet no dividend in prospect for common stockholders, but this notwithstanding, the stock's value, now 197 1/2, should reascend to the high mark of 1919 (29) at least. (2) Federal Mining & Smelting preferred looks cheap at 36, the current price. Sold at about 50 some months ago. The stipulated rate of 7 per cent is cumulative. There's \$12,000,000 outstanding. A higher dividend rate than \$2 seems probable, in view of the advancing prices for metals.

G. W. S., Quincy, Ill.—You had better stick to your Canadian Pacific, which still pays 10 per cent and will continue paying this indefinitely. The ruling quotation of 125 3/4 is only about eight points above the low mark of a month ago, and compares with a maximum of 170 3/4 in 1919. The highest on record is 283. It was established about seven years ago. A substantial proportion of the stock is still held in Europe.

INVESTOR, St. Louis.—Baldwin locomotive preferred is an investment, the 7 per cent on which has regularly been paid since 1915. There's no danger of a reduction in the dividend rate, in view of the multiplying signs of substantial increase in the company's products. At the moment the price is 100. A recovery to last year's high record of 111 1/2 is not likely in the next two or three months. You are justified, though, in expecting an advance to 105.

L. H., Rome, N. Y.—(1) California Petroleum preferred is more of a speculation than an investment and will remain so a good while longer. The 7 per cent dividend has been paid since 1918; the whole amount in arrears has also been paid. The price having risen about fifty points in the past year, you should be cautious in purchasing at present. (2) Hold your Atchison common.

DENTON, Des Moines, Ia.—(1) Missouri Pacific general 4s, though not a high-grade investment, seem attractive at the current price of 56 1/2, which is two points under the best record so far set in 1920. They should gradually advance to about 65 after the monetary outlook has become clearer than it is at present. (2) There's nothing in the way of reliable news that could be considered weighty reason for liquidating Montana Power 5s. The company is in satisfactory financial condition and paying 7 and 3 per cent on preferred and common shares, respectively.

QUERY, St. Louis.—(1) Pennsylvania Railroad general 4 1/2s, quoted at 96, are a good investment. The authorized issue is \$15,876,000. They mature in 1921. They represent a first mortgage. (2) The San Antonio and Aransas Pass 4s are a second-grade investment,

and likely to advance to 65 some months hence. They are not very active, as a rule.

H. T., Albion, Neb.—(1) You would, in all probability, make a mistake by selling your New York Central at a loss. The price has risen some six points lately, and it is apparent that the floating supply in Wall Street is unprecedently limited. According to trustworthy calculations, the company will earn \$10 a share per annum after return to private control. (2) Frisco common, too, should be retained. It is well supported and recovers quickly from occasional dips. Under private management, the company is expected to earn \$8 to \$9 per annum on this class of stock.



A Negro Utopia

The "promised land" for the Southern negro is in a 35,000-acre tract in Lonoke County, Arkansas, where a new idea negro community is being built and for which a set of laws has been laid down that forbids almost every kind of amusement save "huntin' possum" and whose code is "work," on the theory that idleness is the worst enemy of the negro, the old saw about "all work and no play" to the contrary notwithstanding.

There will be no dancing, no shooting "craps," no card-playing, no loafing, no fighting. About the only thing that this new and fast-growing community will be permitted to do is hunt. Not even baseball is admitted within the limits of lawful amusements.

And the chief aim is the establishment of a big factory to turn out high quality and artistic coffins.

The "promised land" surrounds the community centre that has been named Allport and to which 568 families have gone, each to take up and improve forty acres of land. Next year all business, most of which now is conducted by whites, will be taken over by negroes, and one year from now the whole community's law and order, religion, administration, and any other work that may fall under these general headings (says the New York Herald) will be in the hands exclusively of negroes who live in the community.

The "bad nigger" is barred. It takes a first-rate "character" to gain a place in the community. And—no Northern negroes, or negroes who have gone to the North from the South, can hope to find a haven in or near Allport. The lines are closely drawn and there are no exceptions.

The moving spirit for this Utopia for negroes and the one who is responsible for most of the ideas that are being worked out, for the enforcement of its laws and for most of the other things that pertain to living and learning and prospering, is the Rev. R. Amos, negro "elder," as he calls himself, who has been a leader of his race in Arkansas for a good many years. At this particular time, however, he is going through the state conducting meetings for the particular purpose of striking down what he terms "vicious propaganda" aimed to create discord between negroes and whites. He has held sixty-four meetings to teach contentment to his race. His work has been indorsed by Governor C. H. Brough of Arkansas and by a good many other white people.

AMERICAN Week Beginning Monday Night March 29  
Matinees Wed. (Pop) and Sat.  
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In George Scarborough's Brilliant and Fascinating Comedy  
"Moonlight and Honeysuckle"

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FREDERICK PERRY

"A Charming Antidote for Jealous Husbands  
and a Sure-fire Remedy for the Blues."

Prices: Eves., 50c to \$2.50. Pop. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 50c to \$2.00

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Ernest Evans and Girls; Martin Webb;  
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Muriel Window  
Joe Towle; Dancing Kennedys  
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